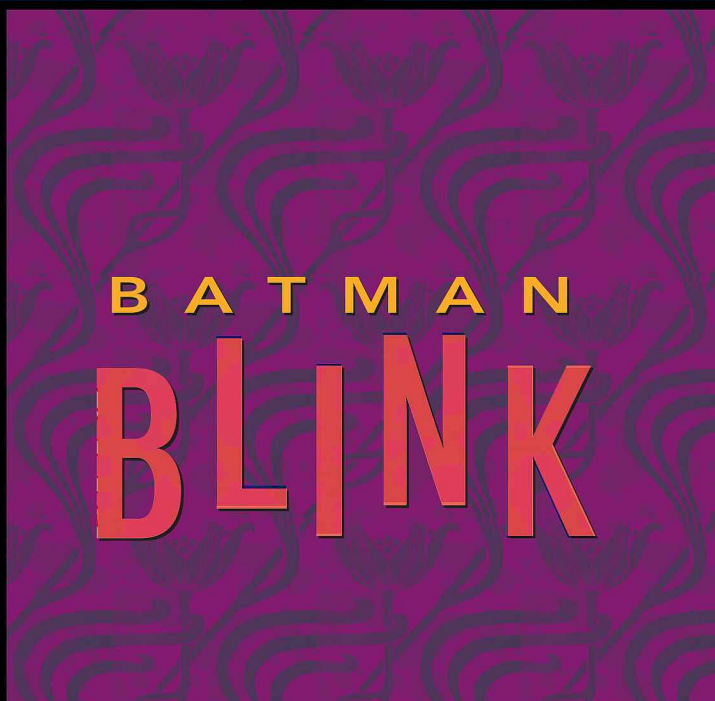




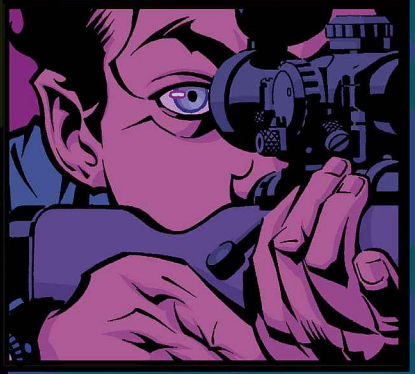
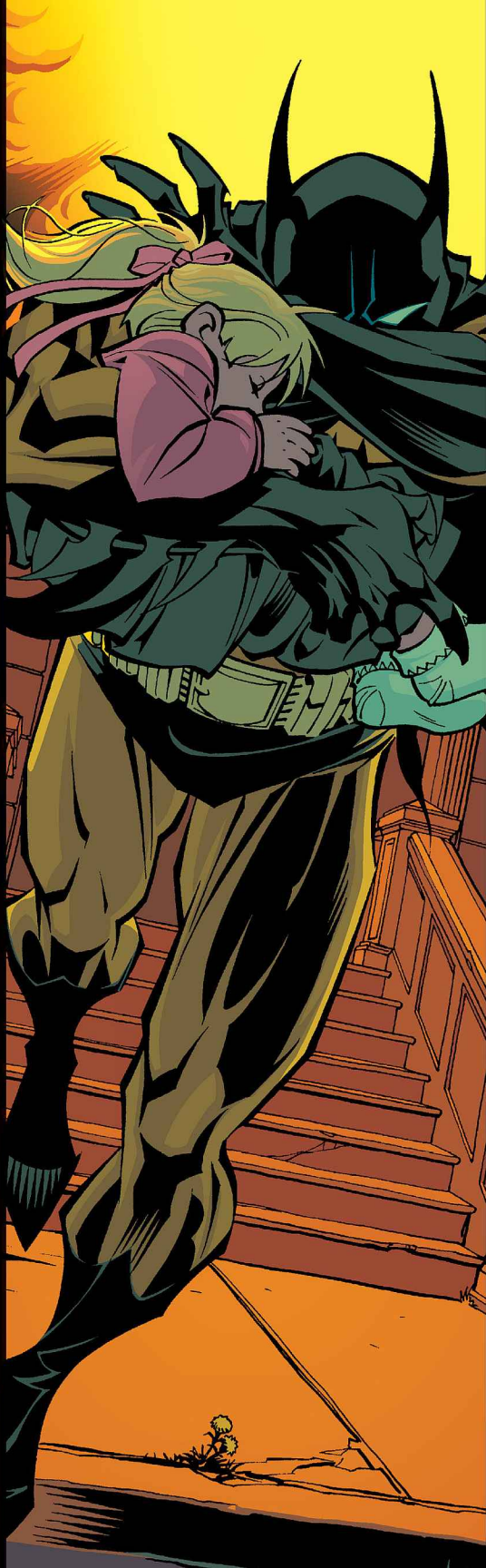
DC  
COMICS™



dwayne **McDUFFIE** val **SEMEIKS**  
dan **GREEN** james **SINCLAIR**







# BATMAN BLINK



Written by  
**Dwayne McDuffie**

Art by  
**Val Semeiks and Dan Green**

Coloring by  
**James Sinclair**

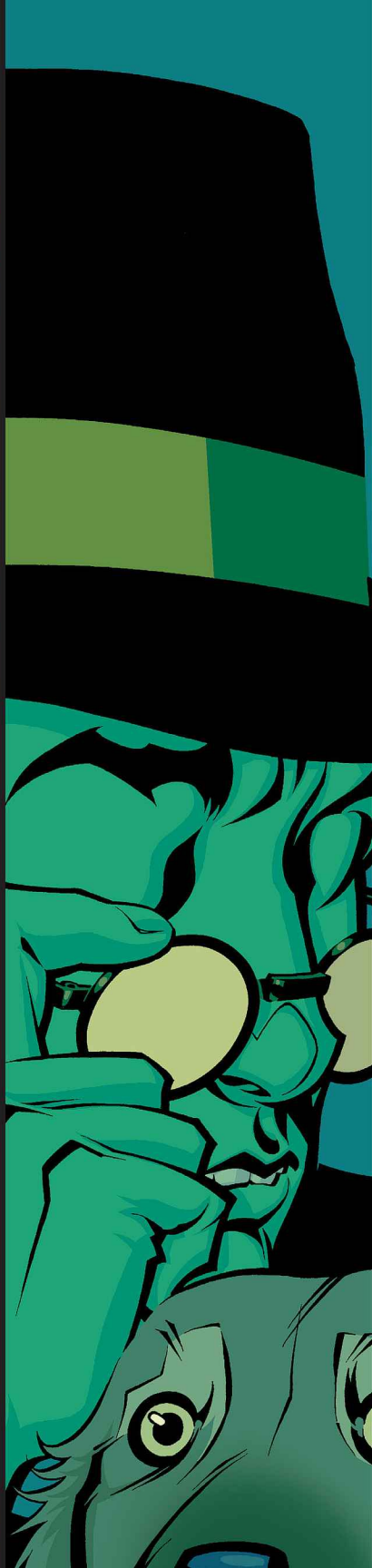
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BATMAN: BLINK

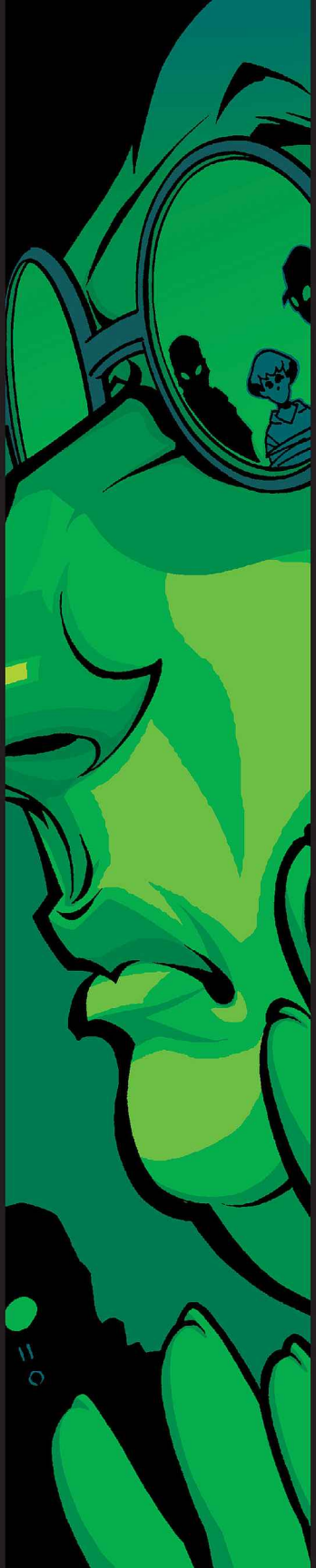
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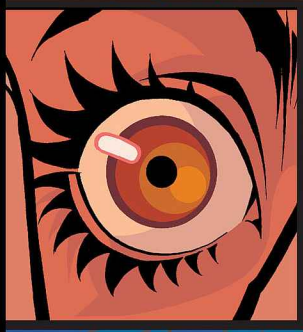
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July 2003	







BATMAN  
BLINK







*I didn't see  
the pattern.*

*In retrospect,  
I should have.*

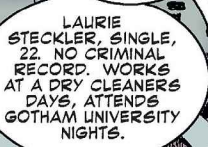
*From the proper  
perspective the  
pattern is, more  
often than not,  
obvious.*

*But I didn't  
see it.*

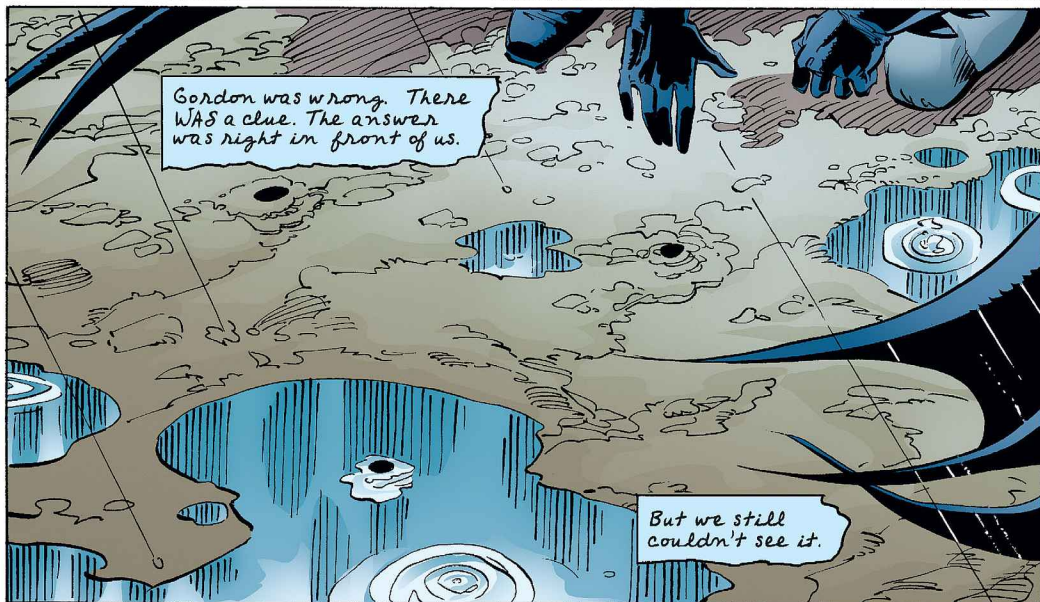
*So another  
woman  
died.*

GOTHAM  
PACK  
SHIPPING











# JEWELERS

MY SCAM IS SO SWEET, IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE.

IT'S SAFE. I'VE  
NEVER BEEN CAUGHT.  
OR EVEN SUSPECTED.

IT'S PROFITABLE. I ONLY  
WORK WHEN I FEEL LIKE IT  
AND I LIVE PRETTY WELL.

AND BEST OF ALL,  
NOBODY CAN DO  
IT BUT ME.

# BLINK

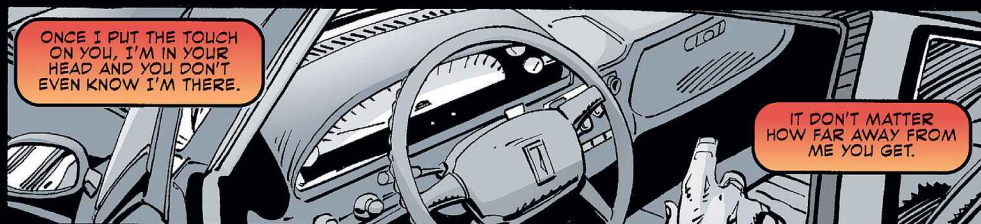
## PART ONE

<b>Dwayne McDuffie</b> writer	<b>Val Semeiks</b> penciller	<b>Dan Green</b> inker
<b>James Sinclair</b> colorist	<b>Digital Chameleon</b> separations	<b>K. Hathaway</b> letterer
<b>Harvey Richards</b> ass't editor	<b>Andy Helfer</b> editor	
<b>Batman created by Bob Kane</b>		









ONCE I PUT THE TOUCH ON YOU, I'M IN YOUR HEAD AND YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW I'M THERE.

IT DON'T MATTER HOW FAR AWAY FROM ME YOU GET.



IT DON'T MATTER HOW LONG IT'S BEEN SINCE I TOUCHED YOU.

I SEE WHAT YOU SEE.



HEAR WHAT YOU HEAR.

WELCOME HOME, HONEY...

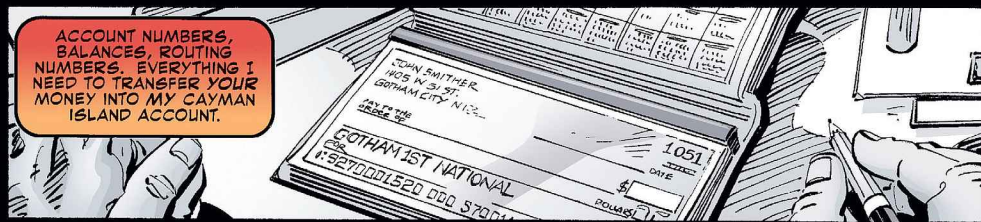
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WATCH AND WAIT.

MAYBE A DAY, NEVER MORE THAN A FEW.



EVENTUALLY, YOU GOTTA DO YOUR BILLS.

AND THAT'S WHEN I GET A LOOK AT THE GOOD STUFF.



ACCOUNT NUMBERS, BALANCES, ROUTING NUMBERS. EVERYTHING I NEED TO TRANSFER YOUR MONEY INTO MY CAYMAN ISLAND ACCOUNT.

AND YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU'VE BEEN HIT UNTIL THE CHECKS START BOUNCING.



THAT'S HOW IT ALWAYS WENT DOWN BEFORE. I MEAN, HUNDREDS OF TIMES.



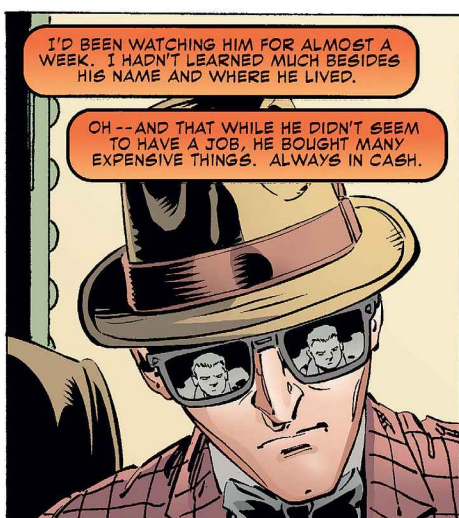




BUT THIS WAS DIFFERENT.

OH, EXCUSE ME.

NO PROBLEM.

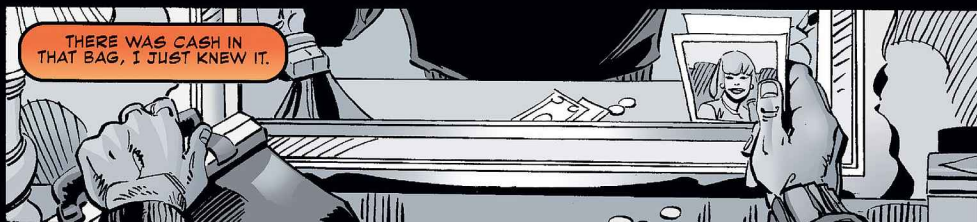


I'D BEEN WATCHING HIM FOR ALMOST A WEEK. I HADN'T LEARNED MUCH BESIDES HIS NAME AND WHERE HE LIVED.

OH--AND THAT WHILE HE DIDN'T SEEM TO HAVE A JOB, HE BOUGHT MANY EXPENSIVE THINGS. ALWAYS IN CASH.



SO WHEN I SAW THE SATCHEL, I COULDN'T HELP BUT THINK I'D FINALLY HIT PAYDIRT.



THERE WAS CASH IN THAT BAG, I JUST KNEW IT.



HE WAS GOING TO TAKE IT SOMEWHERE. AND I WAS GOING TO STEAL IT.

AT LEAST, THAT WAS THE PLAN.



EXCUSE ME, MISS?

YES?

I'M TRYING TO FIND THE TURNPIKE.

HE WAS LYING.





HE KNOCKED  
HER OUT,  
GAGGED HER,  
TIED HER--



--AND STUFFED HER IN THE  
BACK OF HIS CAR, TO TAKE  
HER GOD-KNOWS-WHERE.



BUT WHILE GOD  
DIDN'T KNOW, I DID.



BAD  
PART OF TOWN,  
BUDDY. YOU DON'T  
WANT TO GO  
THERE.

I LIVE  
THERE. SHUT  
UP AND  
DRIVE.



IT WAS A  
STUPID LIE--  
NOBODY LIVES  
THERE. BUT MOST  
FOLKS ARE TOO  
POLITE TO ARGUE  
WITH A BLIND  
MAN.

ANYWAY, I NEEDED TO  
CONCENTRATE ON THE  
SIGHTS AND SOUNDS  
IN MY HEAD.

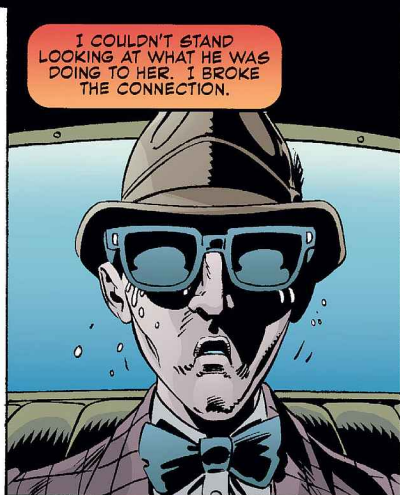
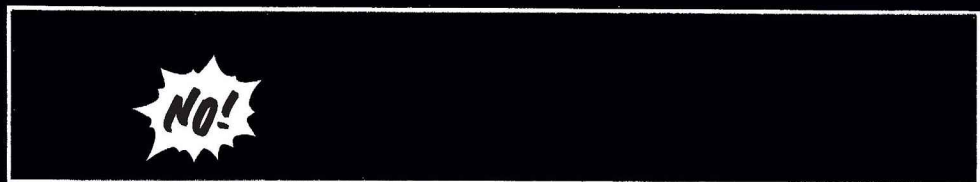
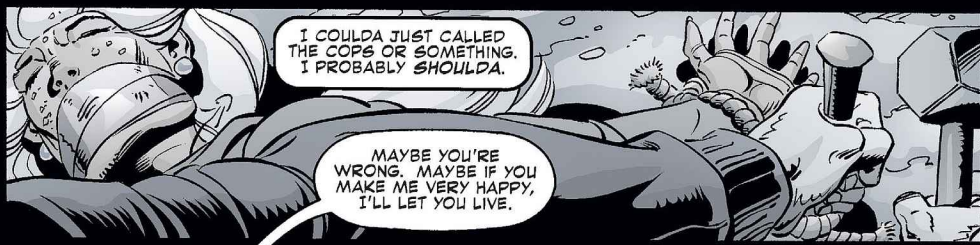


YOU  
THINK YOU'RE  
ABOUT TO  
DIE, RIGHT?

mmf!  
mmf!

I SHOULDN'TA  
GOT INVOLVED.









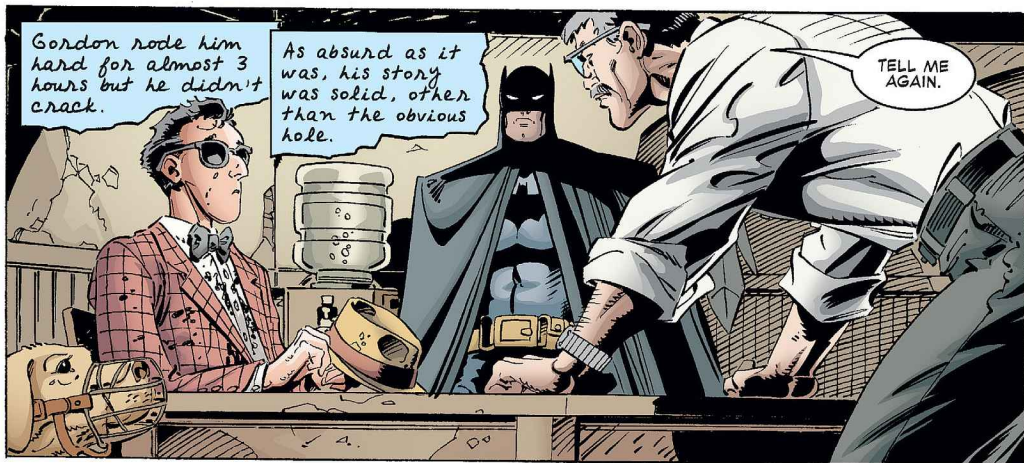




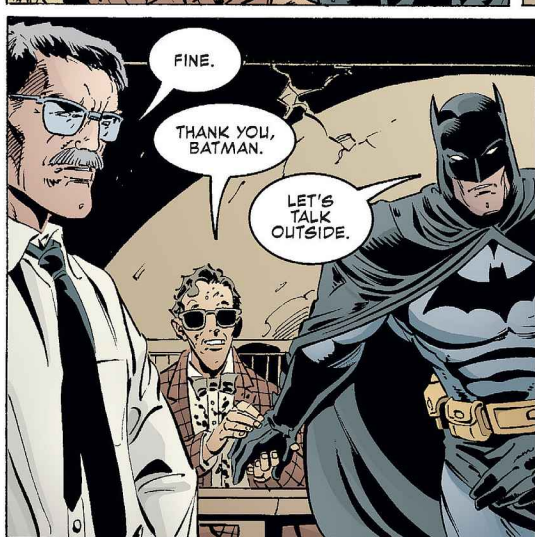
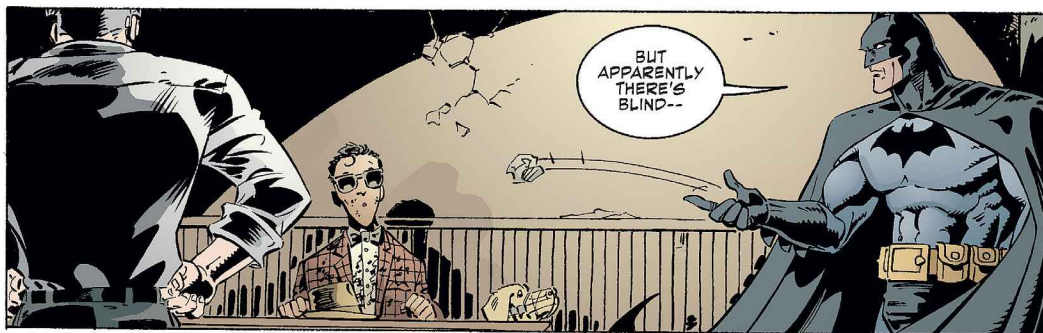








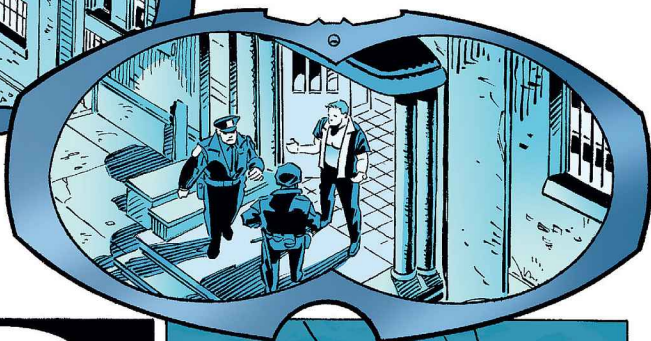








About an hour later, two patrol officers stopped by to give the suspect, a street punk named Eli Cross, a perfunctory interview.



Cross didn't have much of an alibi but the officers didn't push. There wasn't much of a case against him, either.

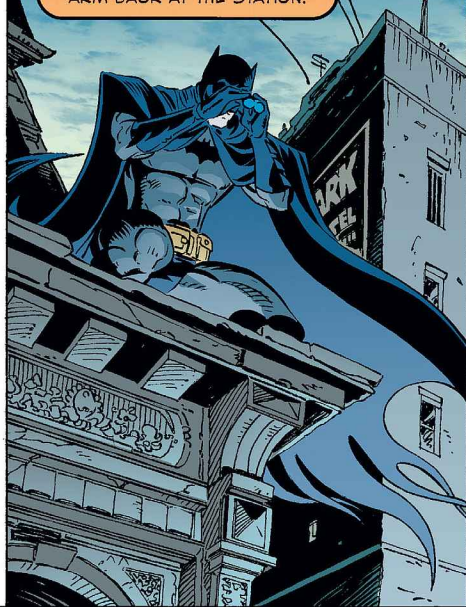
MY PATROLMEN CALLED IN. THE MAN YOU ACCUSED CAN ACCOUNT FOR HIS WHEREABOUTS AT THE TIME OF THE MURDER.

THEN WHY ARE YOU SMILING?

BECAUSE THAT'S NOT ALL I KNOW.

I KNOW.

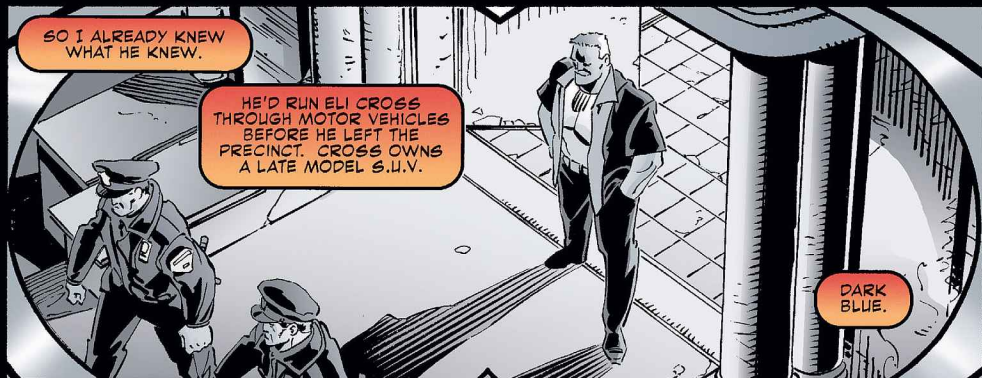
BATMAN DIDN'T KNOW THAT I'D BEEN LOOKING OUT OF HIS EYES SINCE I GRABBED HIS ARM BACK AT THE STATION.



SO I ALREADY KNEW WHAT HE KNEW.

HE'D RUN ELI CROSS THROUGH MOTOR VEHICLES BEFORE HE LEFT THE PRECINCT. CROSS OWNS A LATE MODEL S.U.V.

DARK BLUE.





A HALF HOUR BEFORE THE COPS SHOWED, BATMAN SNUCK INTO HIS APARTMENT AND PLANTED MINIATURE CAMERAS AND MICROPHONES.



SO, WHEN THE COPS LEFT AND CROSS MADE A PHONE CALL, BATMAN WAS WATCHING.



WATCHING AND LISTENING...



IT'S ME. THE COPS WERE JUST HERE. THEY'RE ON TO ME, SOMEHOW.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID THE WITNESS WAS BLIND.



HE WORE DARK GLASSES, HE HAD A DOG. I THOUGHT HE WAS BLIND.

IF THEY REALLY HAD ANYTHING, THEY'D ARREST YOU. BUT I'LL FIND OUT WHAT THEY KNOW FROM THIS END--



--IN THE MEANTIME, YOU HAVE TO GO BACK TO WORK RIGHT AWAY. WE'VE GOT ANOTHER ORDER.

WE'LL BEGIN AT 4 P.M. YOU KNOW THE PROCEDURE.

I DUNNO, MAN--YOU SURE IT'S SAFE?



SAFER THAN PISSING ME OFF.

IN YOUR DREAMS.





BATMAN LEFT AFTER THAT.  
I KEPT WATCHING HIM.

HE JUMPED OFF THE  
ROOF AND SWUNG DOWN  
TO HIS CAR LIKE IT WAS  
NOTHING! IT HADDA  
BE FIVE STORIES.



THEN HE FIRED UP THE  
BATMOBILE'S BIG  
ENGINES AND TOOK OFF  
LIKE A BAT OUTTA...

YOU KNOW.  
FAST.



SO FAST I COULDN'T  
MAKE OUT WHERE HE  
WENT INTO HIS SECRET  
TUNNEL. PROBABLY MORE  
THAN ONE, ANYWAY.

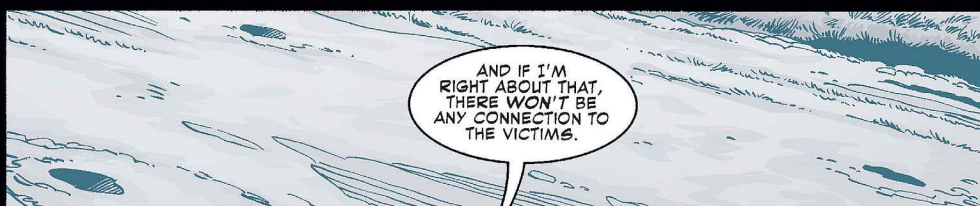
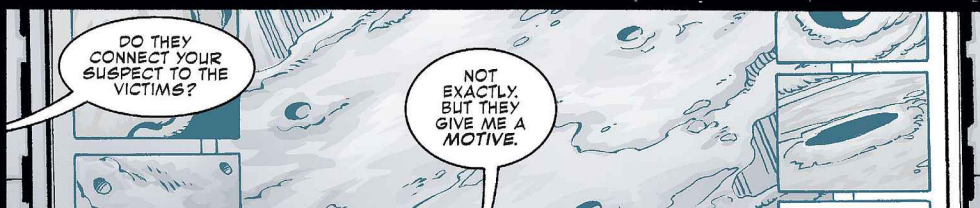
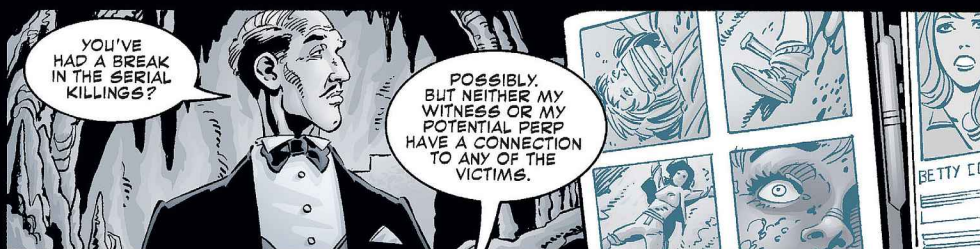
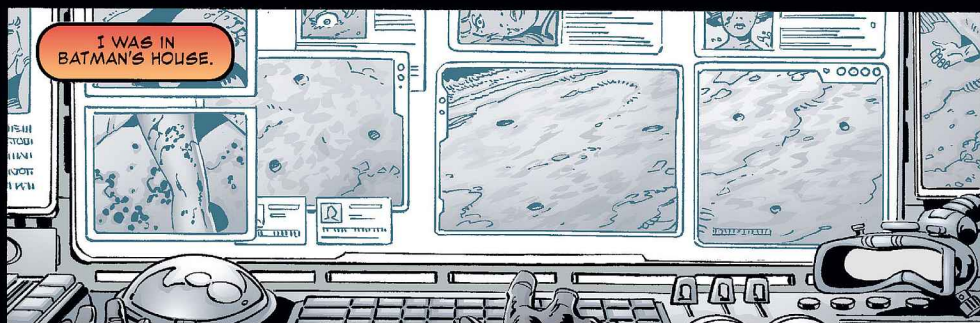


IT WAS SO DARK IN  
THERE, I COULDN'T MAKE  
OUT MUCH OF ANYTHING  
UNTIL ABOUT TEN MINUTES  
LATER--



--WHEN HE PULLED  
INTO THE BIG CAVE.









Cross didn't leave his place until almost 3:30. It was obvious he was going to the Train Station.



Money and a target. My theory's looking better and better.



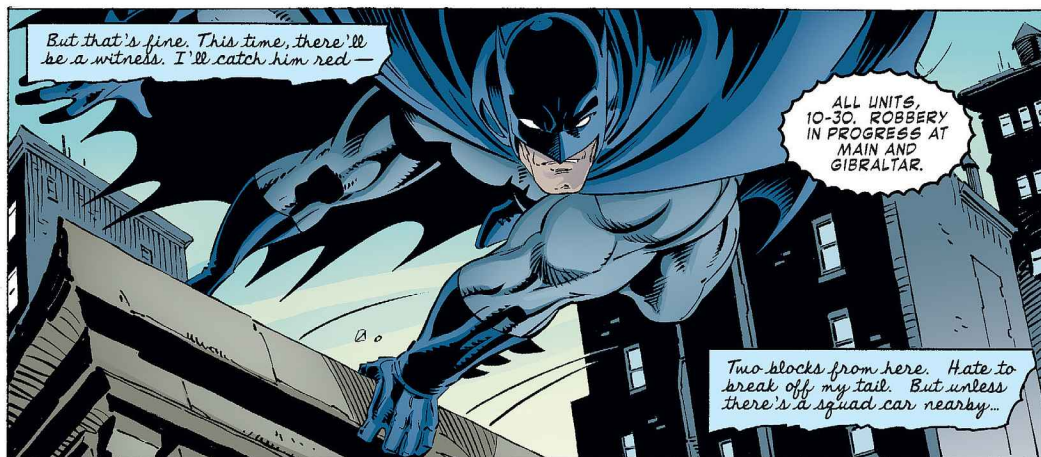
He's buying supplies, in cash, from random stores.



He's never been in any of those places before.



He's not leaving a trail. And he's destroying his evidence after each crime.

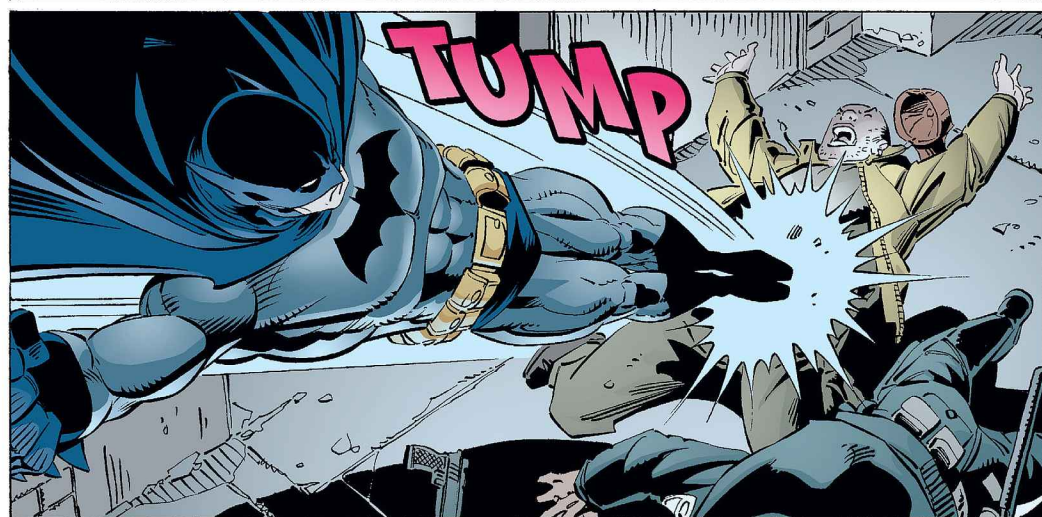


But that's fine. This time, there'll be a witness. I'll catch him red—

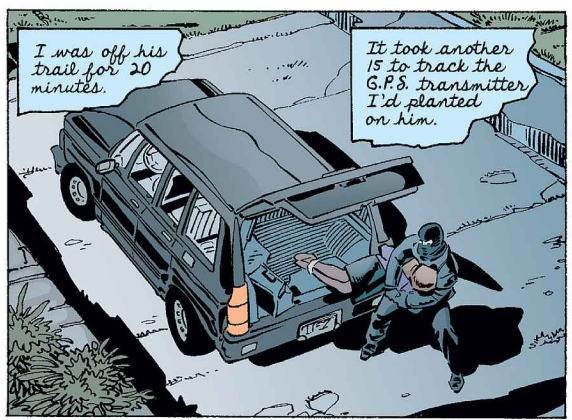
ALL UNITS, 10-30. ROBBERY IN PROGRESS AT MAIN AND GIBALTAR.

Two blocks from here. Hate to break off my tail. But unless there's a squad car nearby...

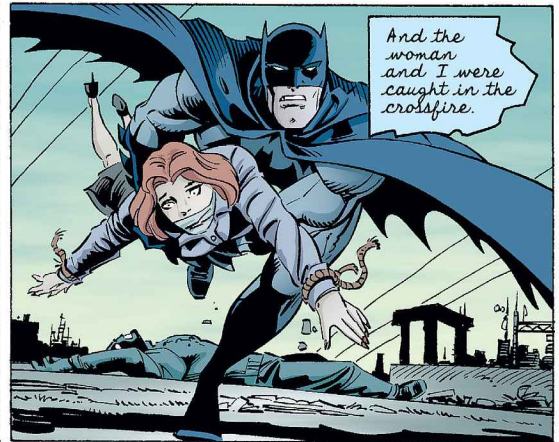
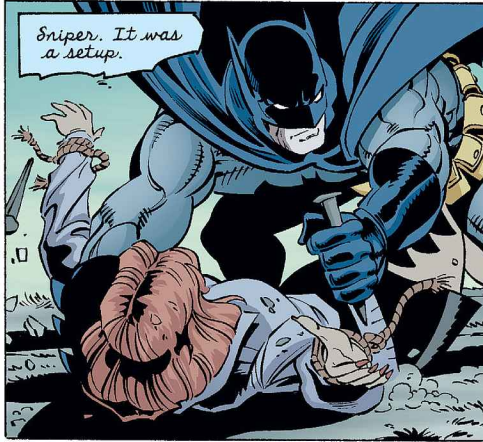




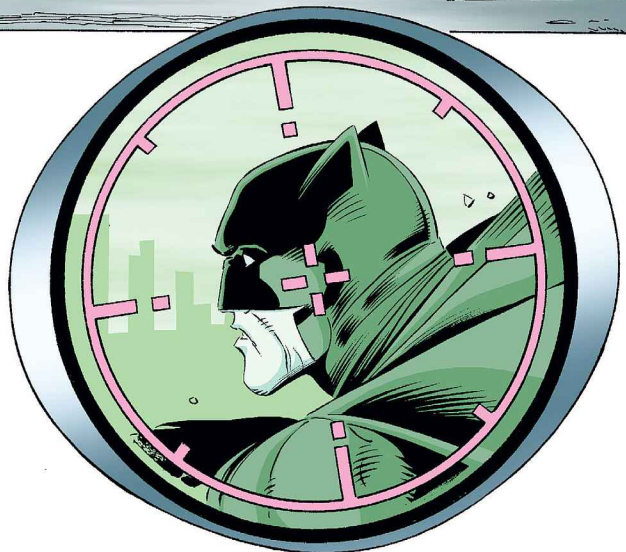




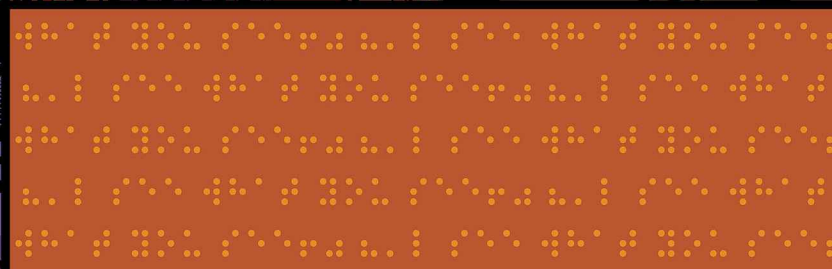




Fast as I am, I only had moments before the sniper could line up another shot...









VIP!  
VIP!

*It wasn't  
all bad news.*

*Usually when  
I start getting  
shot at, it  
means I'm on  
to something.*

*My theory  
was good  
enough to  
save this  
woman's life.*

# BLINK

## Part 2

Dwayne McDuffie / writer • Val Semeiks / penciller  
Dan Green / inker • James Sinclair / colorist  
Kurt Hathaway / letterer • Digital Chameleon / separations  
Andy Helfer / editor  
Batman created by Bob Kane









But if I was going to get this guy, I needed some cover.

**BLAM!**

**BLAM!**

**BLAM!**

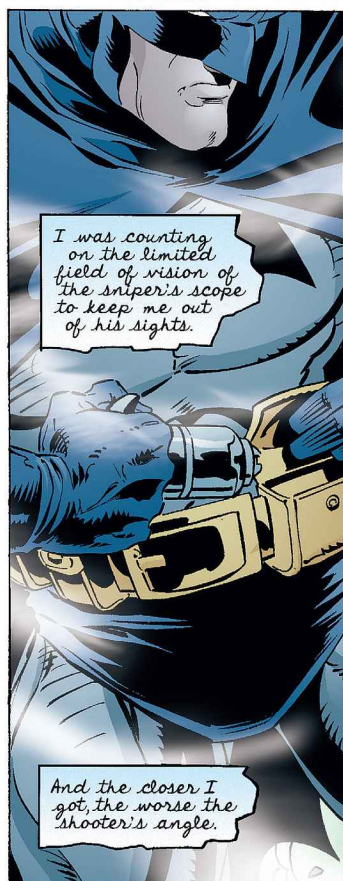


I ran the way I was taught, changing direction every few steps. Never giving the shooter a pattern to anticipate.

**VIPP**

**VIPP**

**VIPP**



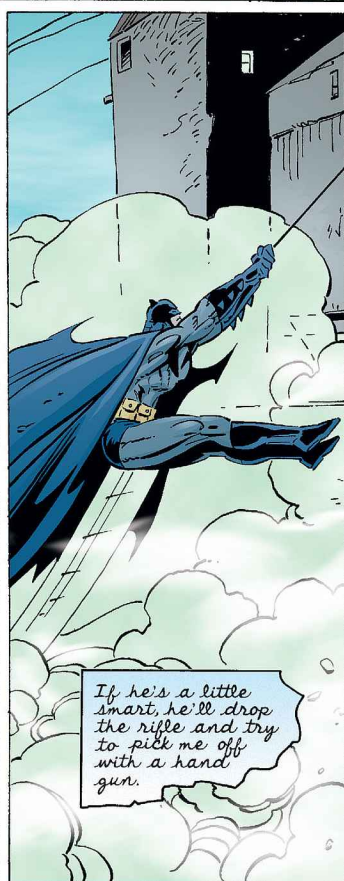
I was counting on the limited field of vision of the sniper's scope to keep me out of his sights.

And the closer I got, the worse the shooter's angle.



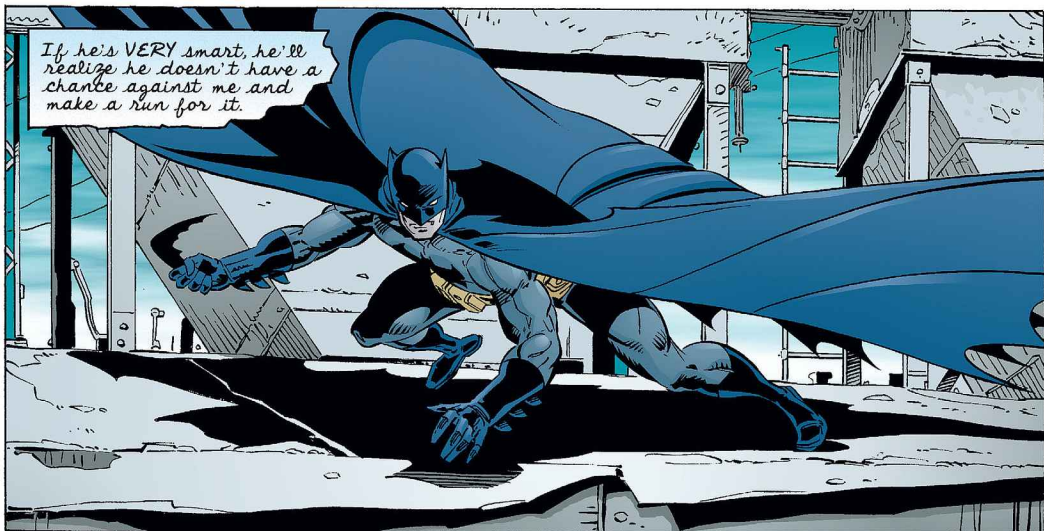
**BOOMPH!**

Now I was right below him. No shot at all with the rifle.



If he's a little smart, he'll drop the rifle and try to pick me off with a handgun.





If he's VERY smart, he'll realize he doesn't have a chance against me and make a run for it.

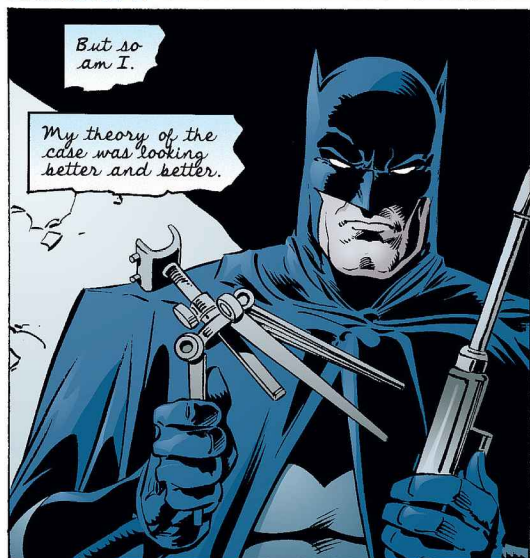


Gone.



I'd go through the motions but I was sure the weapon would be untraceable.

Like I said. The guy's smart.



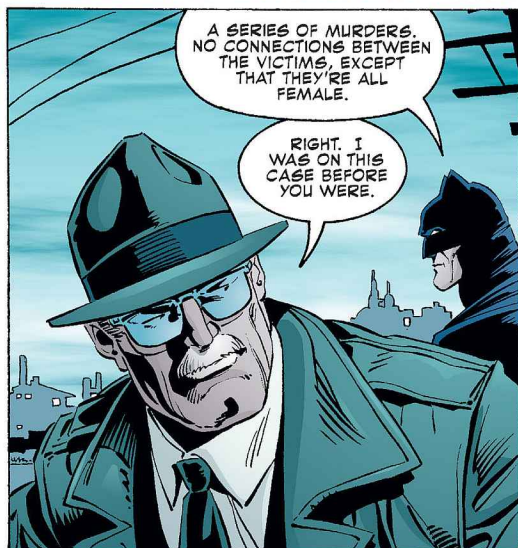
But so am I.

My theory of the case was looking better and better.

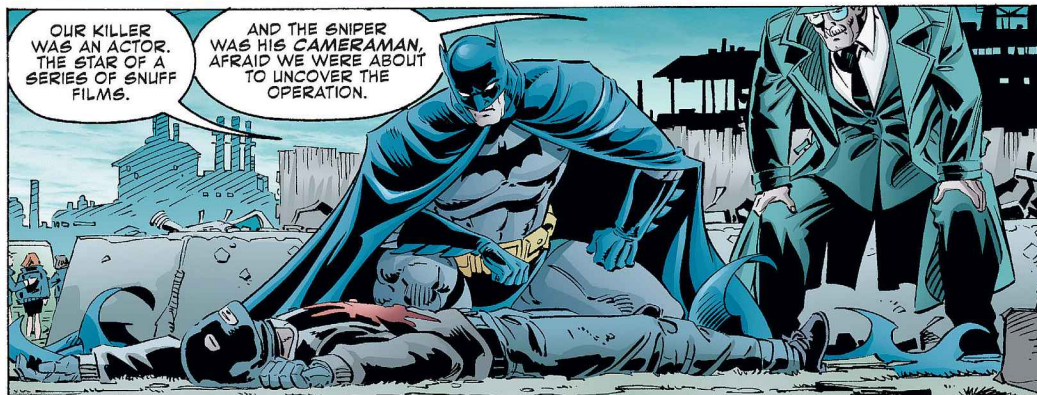


Unfortunately, that meant the killing was far from over.

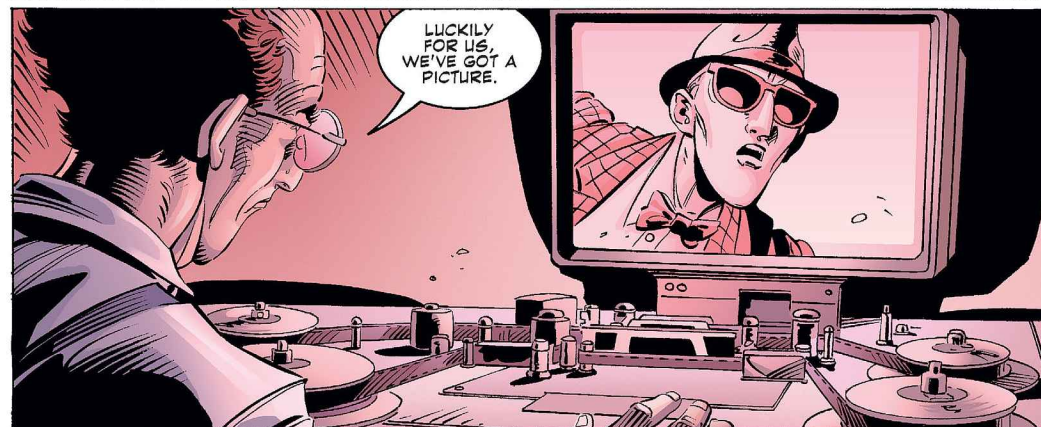
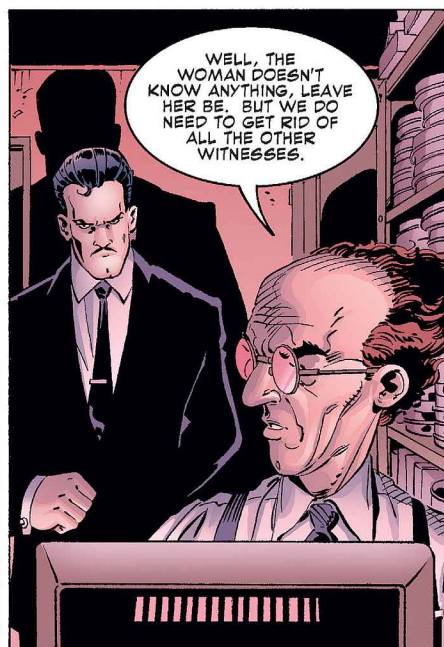
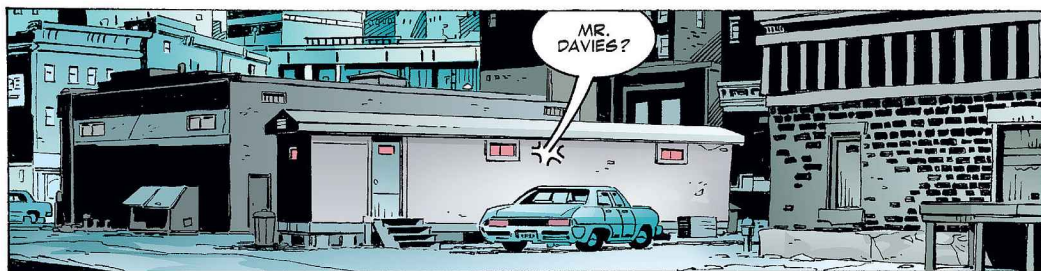




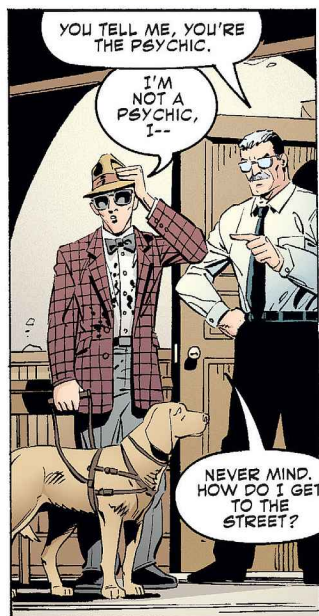
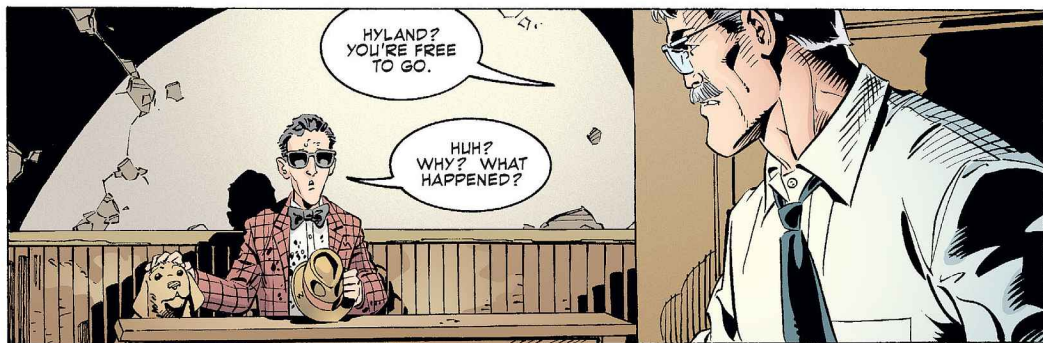




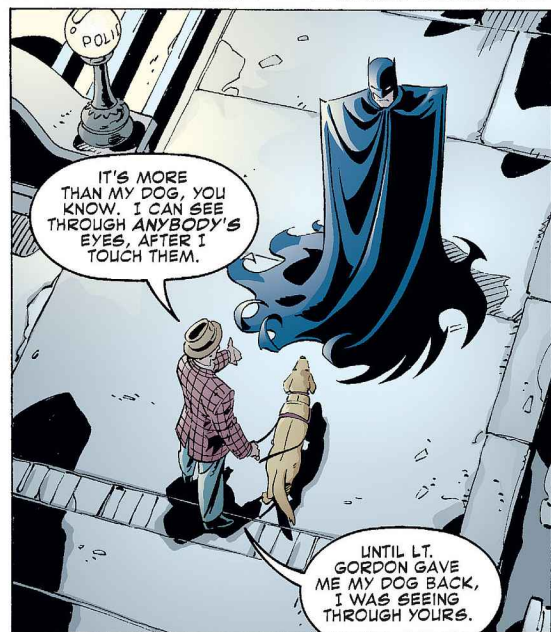




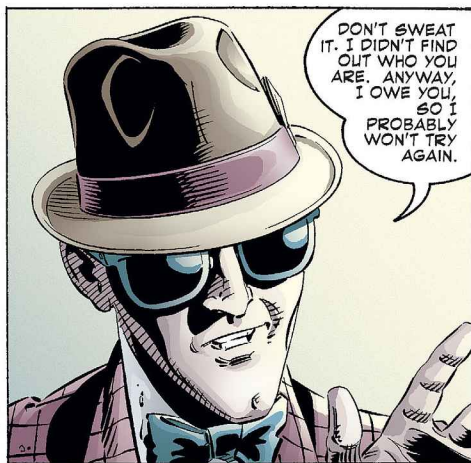




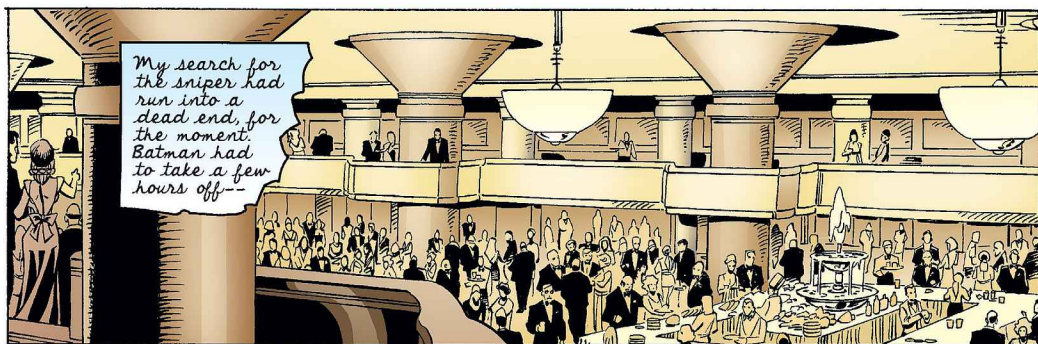












My search for the sniper had run into a dead end, for the moment. Batman had to take a few hours off--



--So that Bruce Wayne could show his face at a charity event the next evening.

I didn't know it at the time, but the case was moving forward.



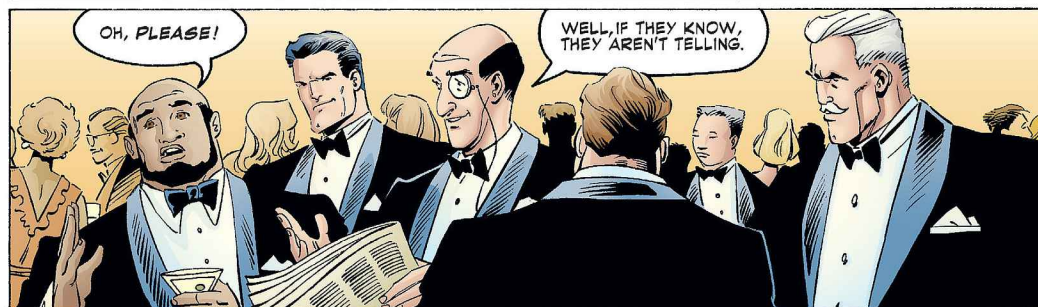
I SAY, GOOD RIDDANCE TO BAD RUBBISH!

WHAT HAPPENED?



THE SERIAL KILLER, SOMEBODY SHOT HIM.

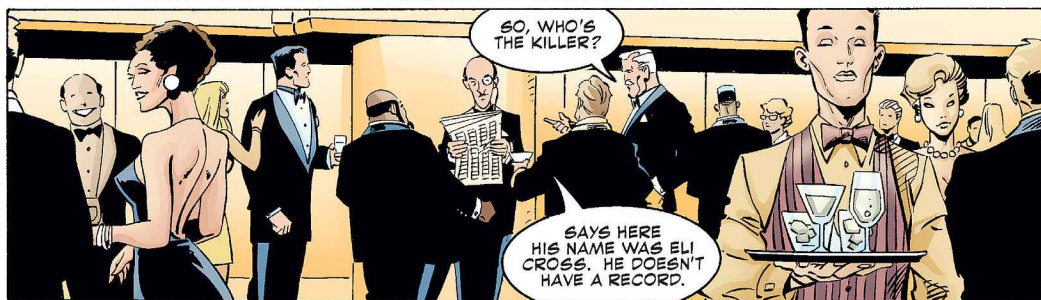
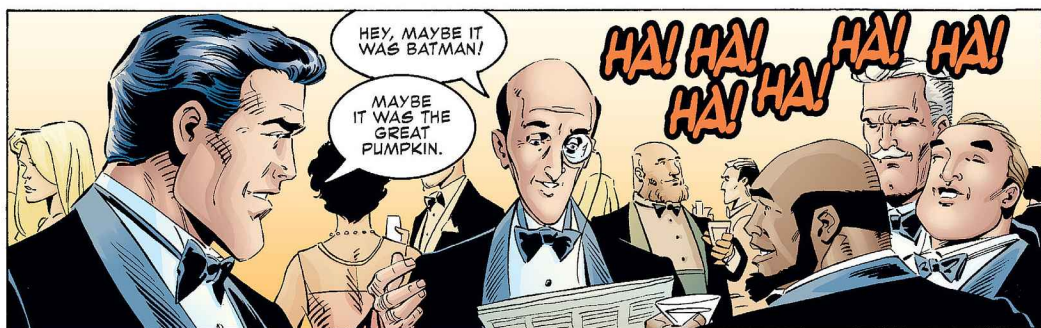
YEAH, THE POLICE DON'T KNOW WHO DID IT.



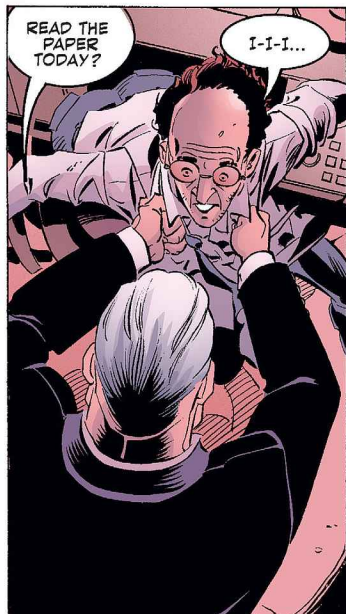
OH, PLEASE!

WELL, IF THEY KNOW, THEY AREN'T TELLING.

















QUIET,  
CHARLIE!  
WHAT'S  
WRONG WITH  
YOU?



MY GUESS?  
HE SMELLED ME.  
TAKE A LOAD OFF,  
MR. HYLAND. I'M  
POINTING A GUN  
AT YOU.



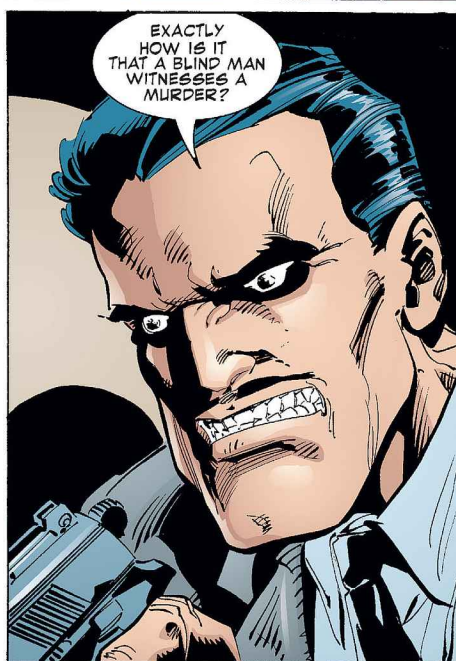
KEEP YOUR ANIMAL  
UNDER CONTROL. I'D  
HATE TO HAVE TO  
SHOOT A DOG.

HEEL,  
CHARLIE!



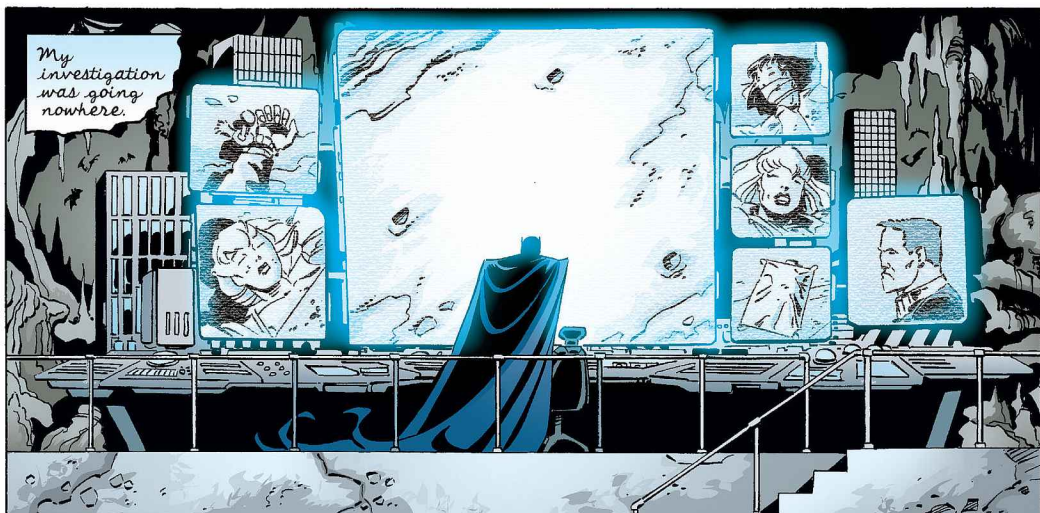
WHO ARE  
YOU, WHAT DO  
YOU WANT?

I WANT TO  
KNOW WHAT YOU  
KNOW. I WANT TO  
KNOW WHAT YOUR  
SCAM IS.



EXACTLY  
HOW IS IT  
THAT A BLIND MAN  
WITNESSES A  
MURDER?



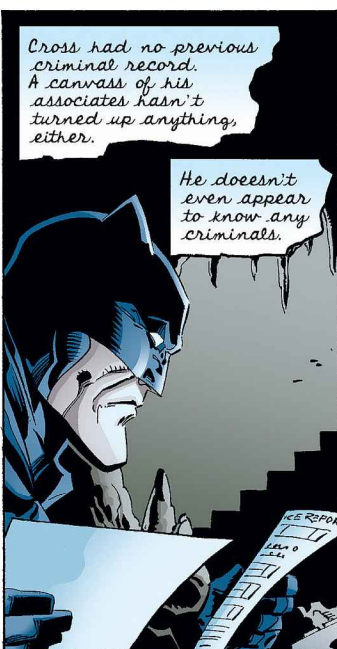


My investigation was going nowhere.



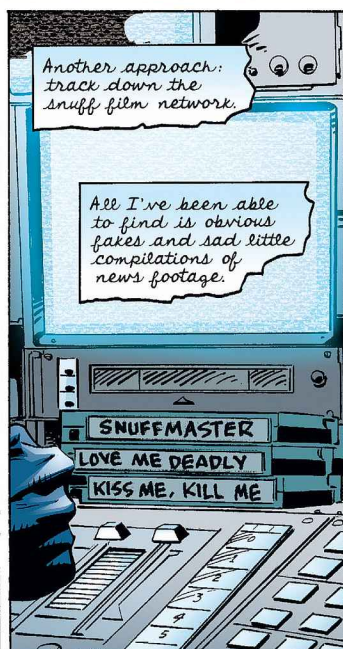
As I'd assumed, forensics on the sniper's weapon turned up nothing.

Dead end.



Cross had no previous criminal record. A canvass of his associates hasn't turned up anything, either.

He doesn't even appear to know any criminals.



Another approach: track down the snuff film network.

All I've been able to find is obvious fakes and sad little compilations of news footage.

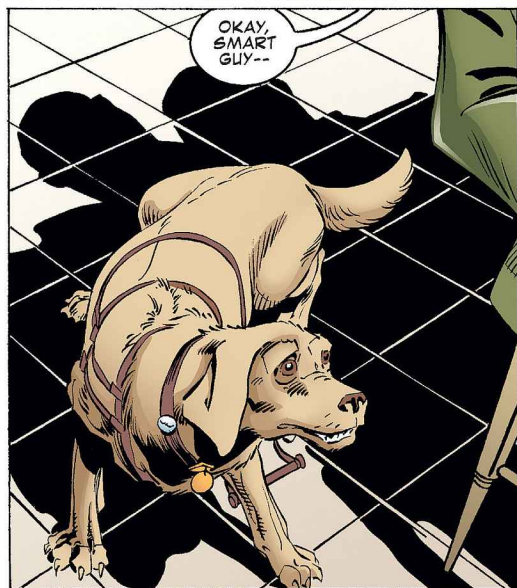


The real stuff is out there, but I haven't been able to crack their network.

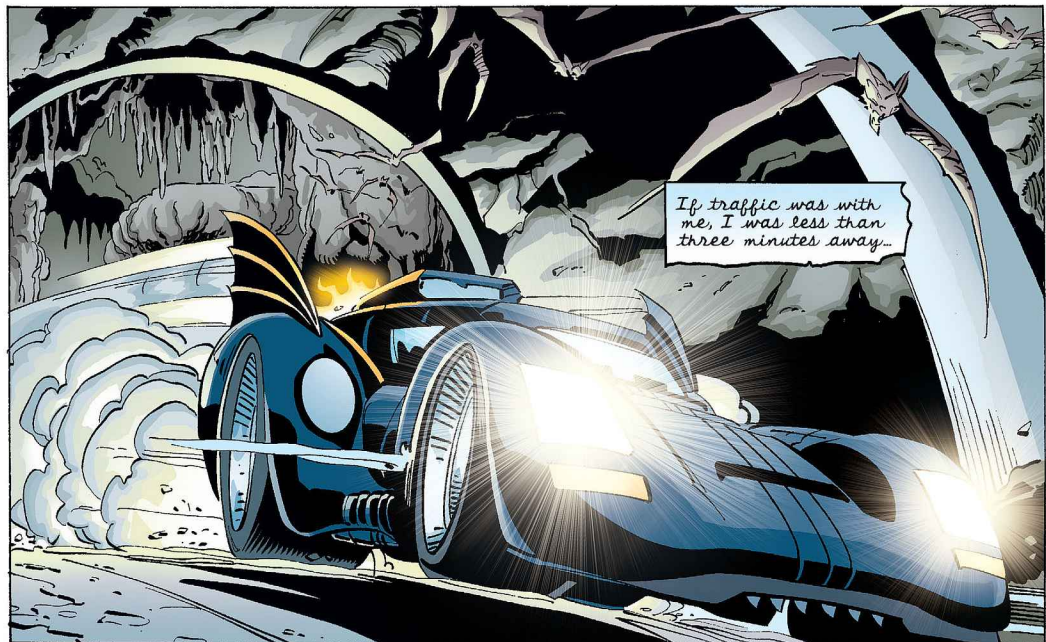
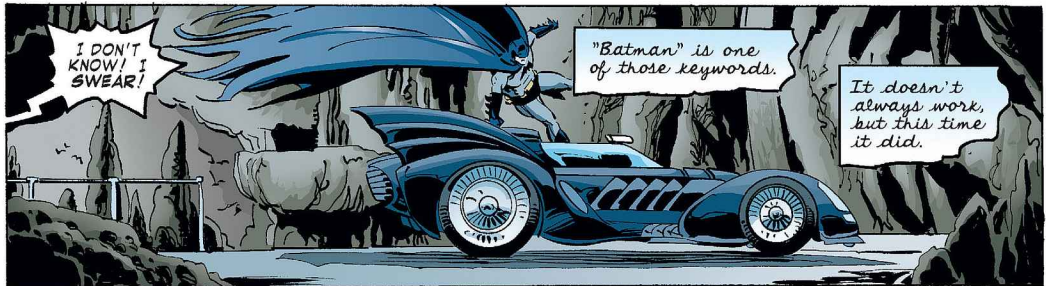
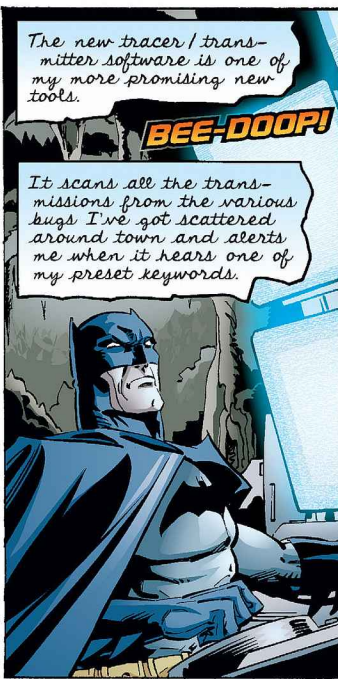
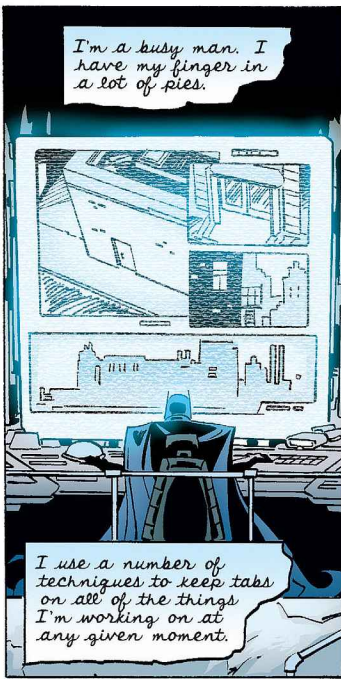
Patience and persistence. Something will break.

It always does.

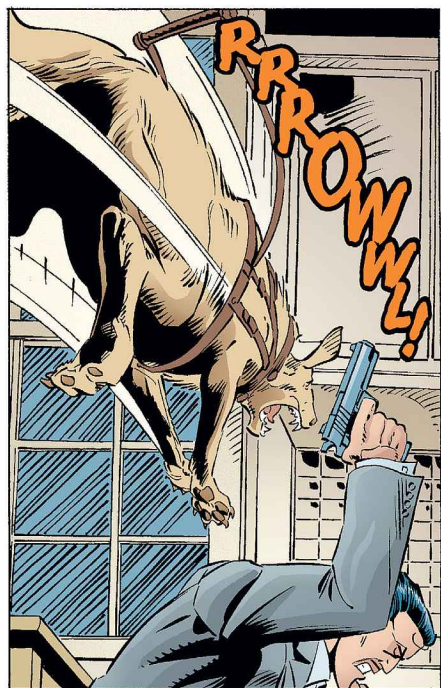




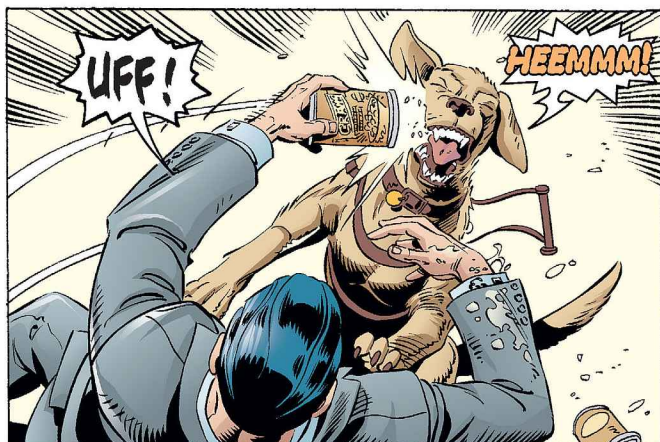




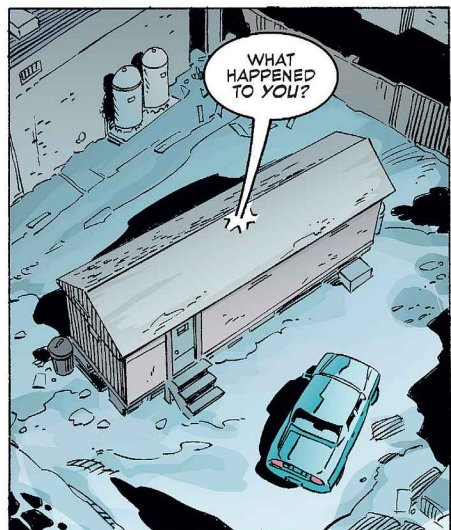




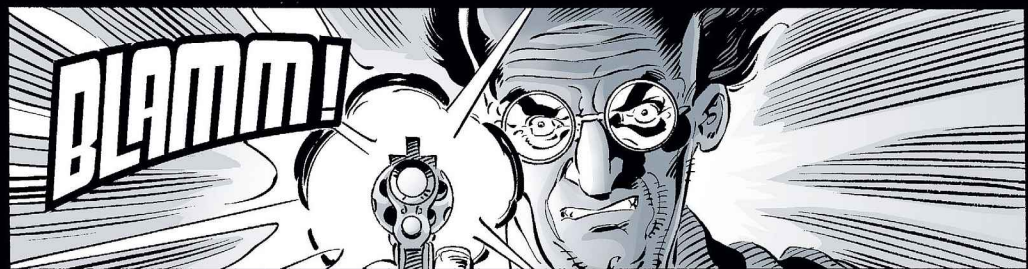
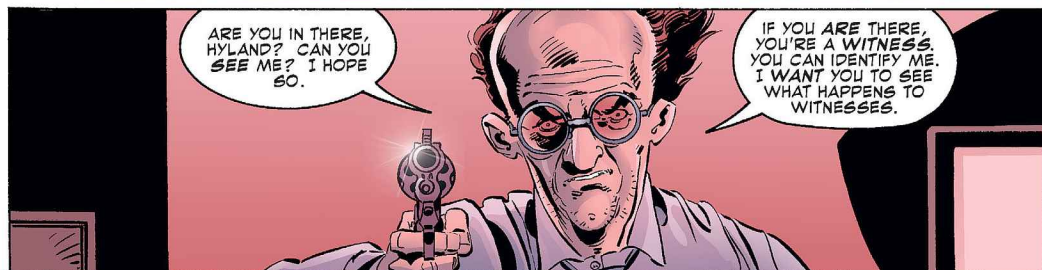




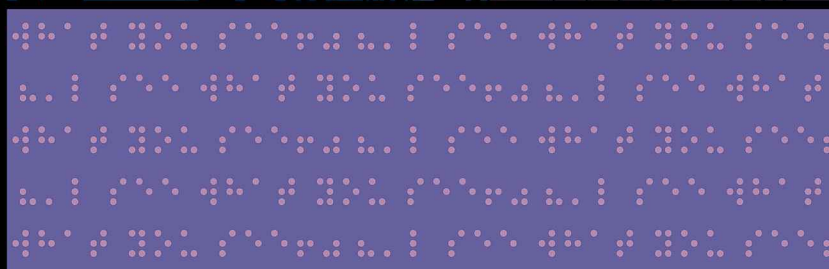
















I'VE NEVER KILLED ANYONE BEFORE. IT'S EASIER THAN YOU'D THINK.

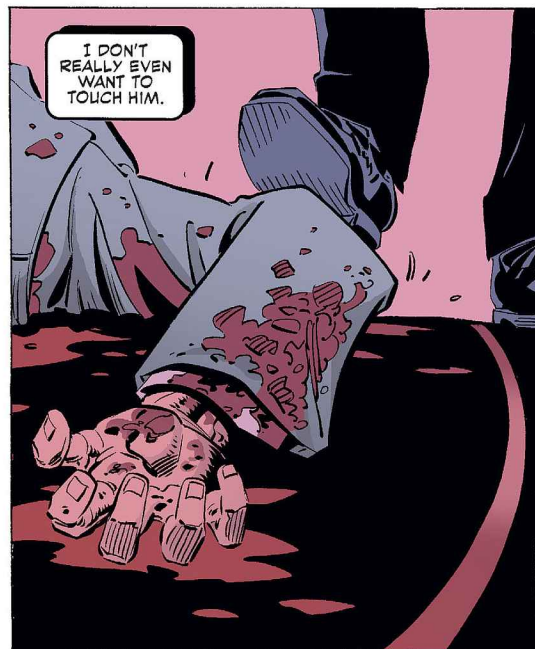
GOOD THING. 'CAUSE IF I WANT TO STAY OUT OF JAIL, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO DO IT AGAIN.

THERE'S A WITNESS, A LOOSE END WHO COULD TIE ME TO THIS...UNPLEASANTNESS.


NOTHING PERSONAL, BUT I LIKE MY FREEDOM.

LEE HYLAND HAS TO DIE.









Lee Hyland is blind,  
but somehow he can  
see through the eyes  
of others.

NOOOO!

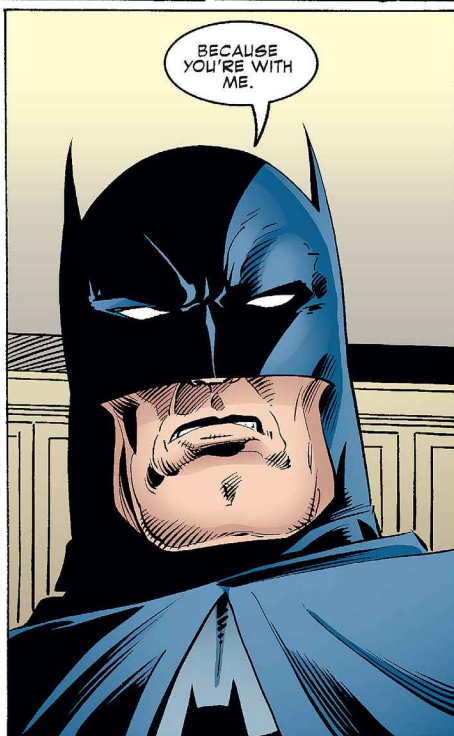
Sometimes he  
doesn't like  
what he sees.

# BLINK

## CONCLUSION

Dwayne McDuffie / writer • Val Semeiks / penciller • Dan Green / inker  
James Sinclair / colorist • K. Hathaway / letterer • Digital Chameleon / separator  
Harvey Richards / ass't editor • Andy Helfer / editor  
Batman created by Bob Kane









SO WHAT'S THE PLAN, I'M THE BAIT AND WE WAIT FOR HIM TO SHOW UP?

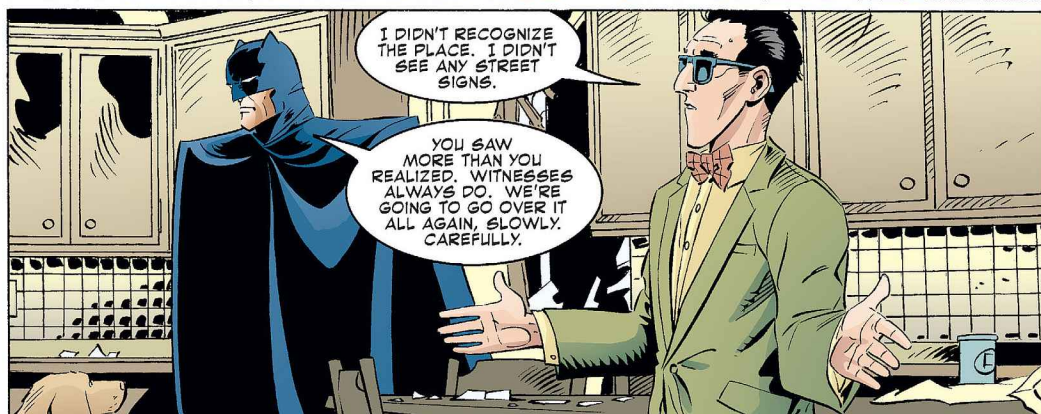


NO. THAT'S NOT THE WAY I LIKE TO WORK.



YOU WERE IN THE SNIPER'S HEAD.

YOU SAW WHAT HE SAW. YOU SAW WHERE HE WENT.



I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE THE PLACE. I DIDN'T SEE ANY STREET SIGNS.

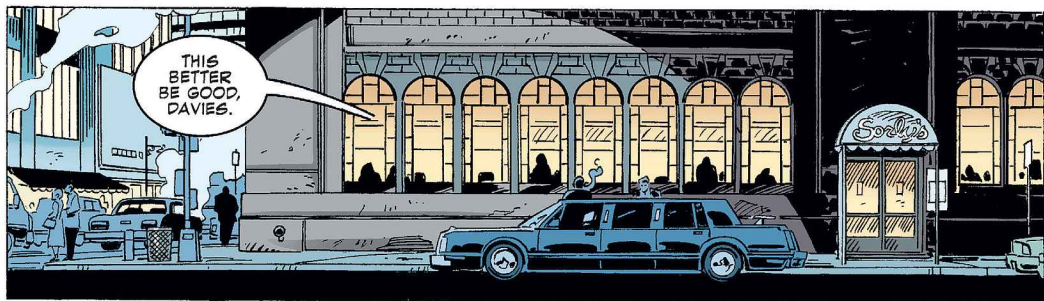
YOU SAW MORE THAN YOU REALIZED. WITNESSES ALWAYS DO. WE'RE GOING TO GO OVER IT ALL AGAIN, SLOWLY. CAREFULLY.



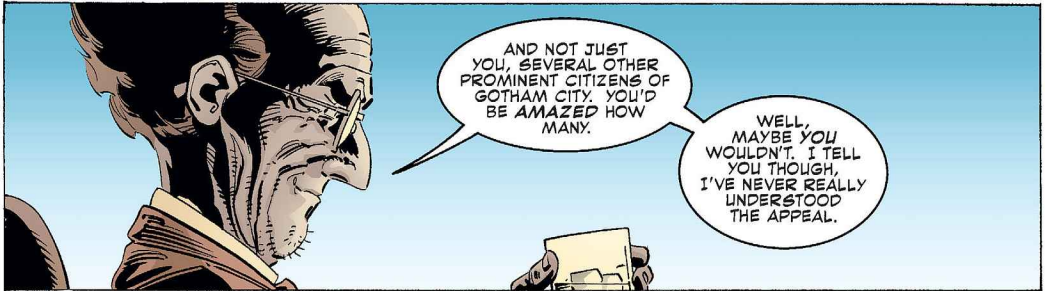
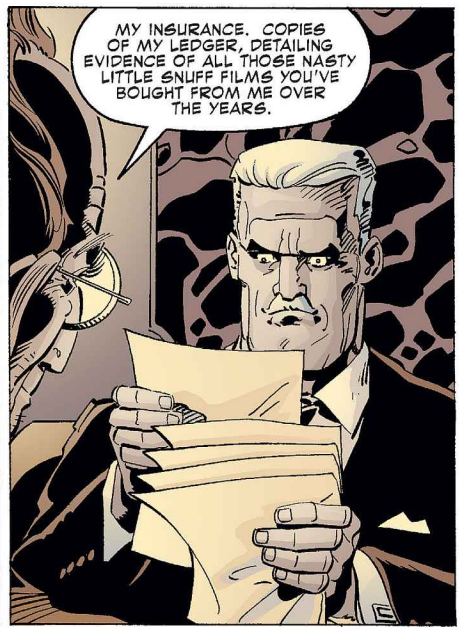
WE'RE GOING TO FIND THE KILLER'S LAIR, TOGETHER.

AND THEN I'LL DEAL WITH HIM ALONE.















"HE TURNED RIGHT, THEN RIGHT AGAIN AFTER THREE, MAYBE FOUR LIGHTS. IT'S SOME KIND OF RUN-DOWN BUSINESS AREA. CHEESY OFFICE TRAILERS.



"HE WENT INTO ONE OF THE OFFICES AND STARTED TALKING TO THE GUY."

"THE ONE WHO SHOT HIM?"



YEAH.



I CAN TRACK DOWN THE OFFICE WITH THAT. I'M PRETTY SURE I KNOW WHERE...



Shhh!  
WE HAVE VISITORS.











Maybe a little fresh air...



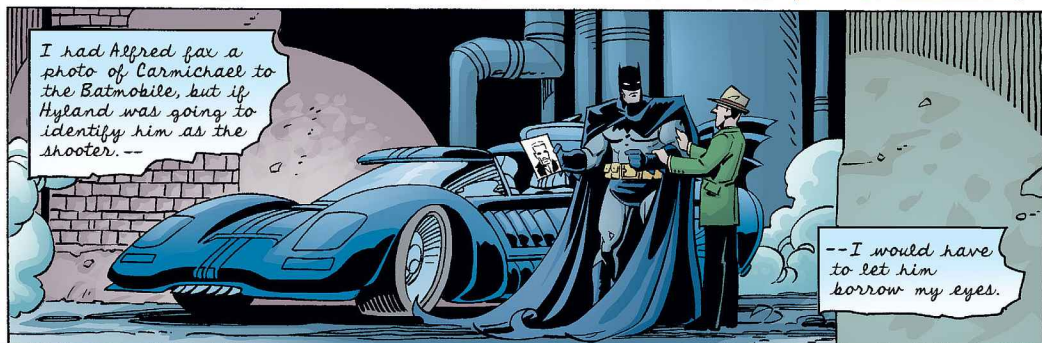
OH GOD, OH GOD, OH GOD...

THIS IS THE PART WHERE YOU TELL ME EXACTLY WHO HIRED YOU.

C-CARMICHAEL!



RICHARD CARMICHAEL?



I had Alfred fax a photo of Carmichael to the Batmobile, but if Hyland was going to identify him as the shooter. --

--I would have to let him borrow my eyes.



SORRY, BATMAN. IT'S NOT HIM.

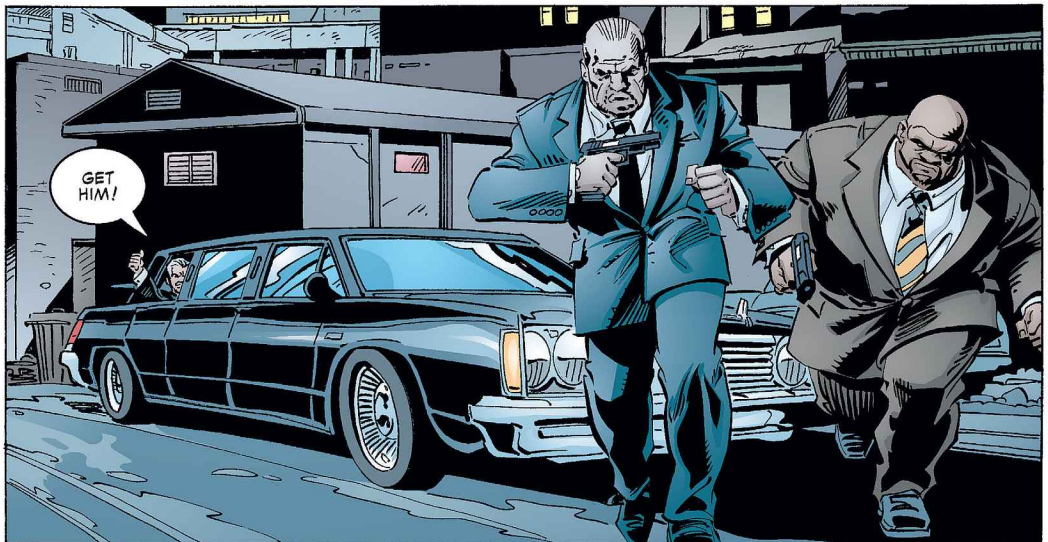
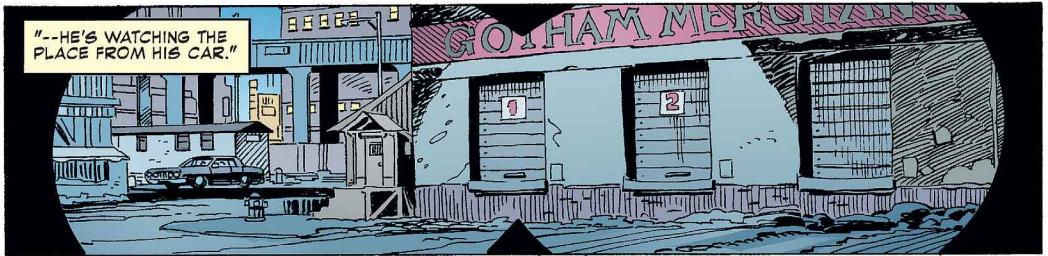
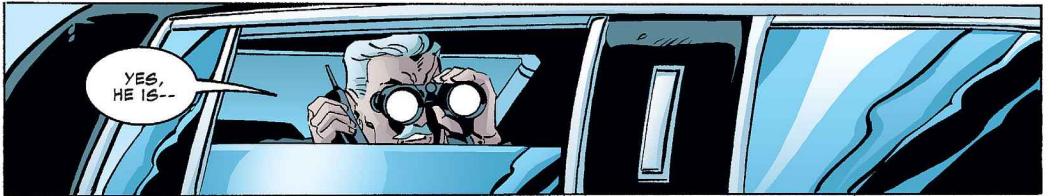
Back to "plan A" --



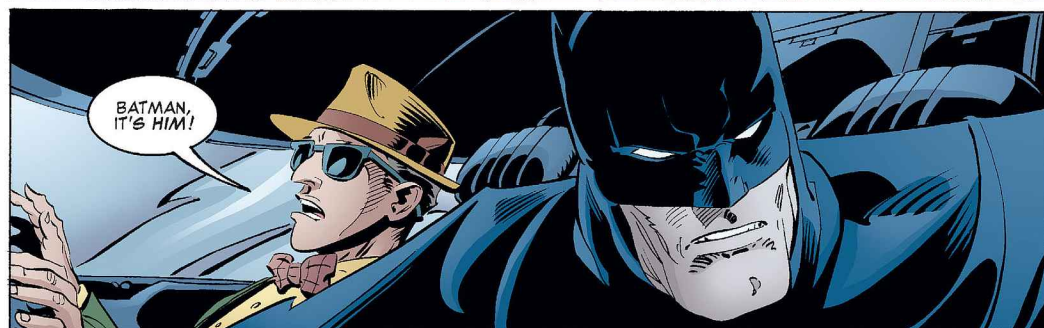
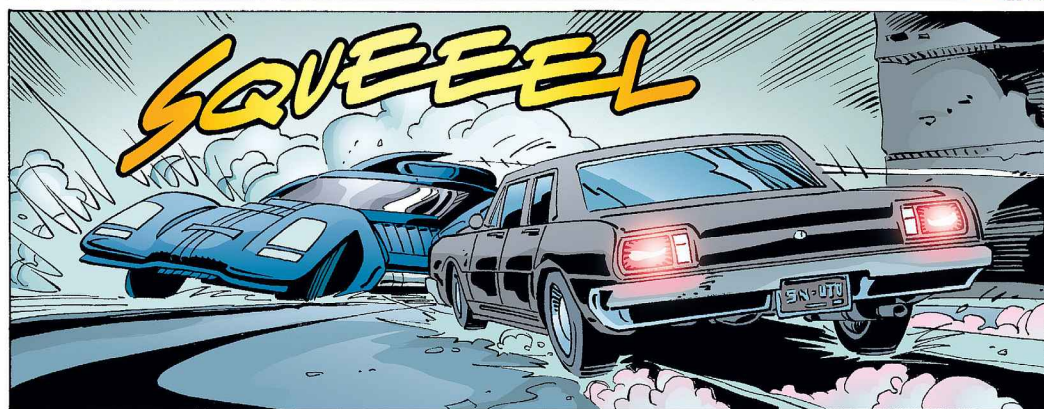
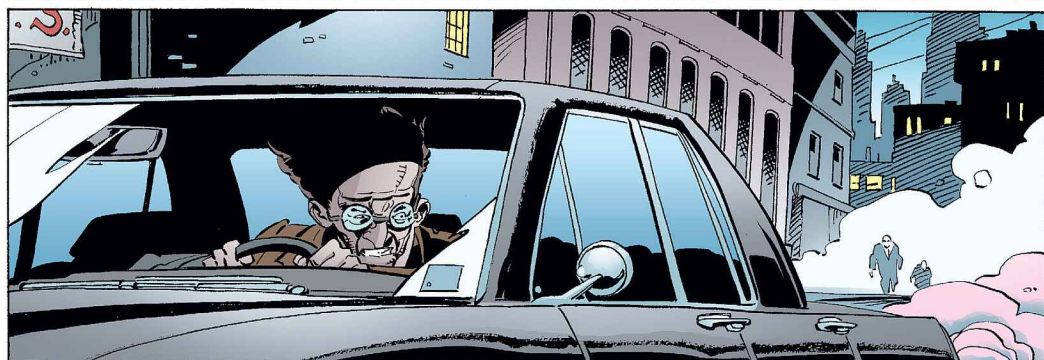
-- track down the office building Hyland saw.

YOU'LL HAVE TO COME WITH ME.













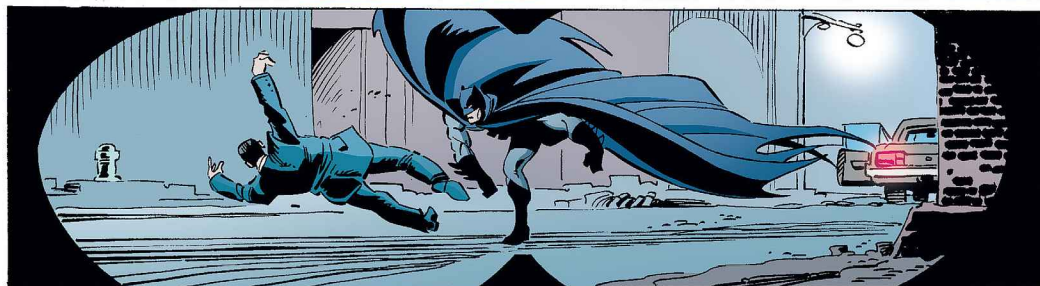




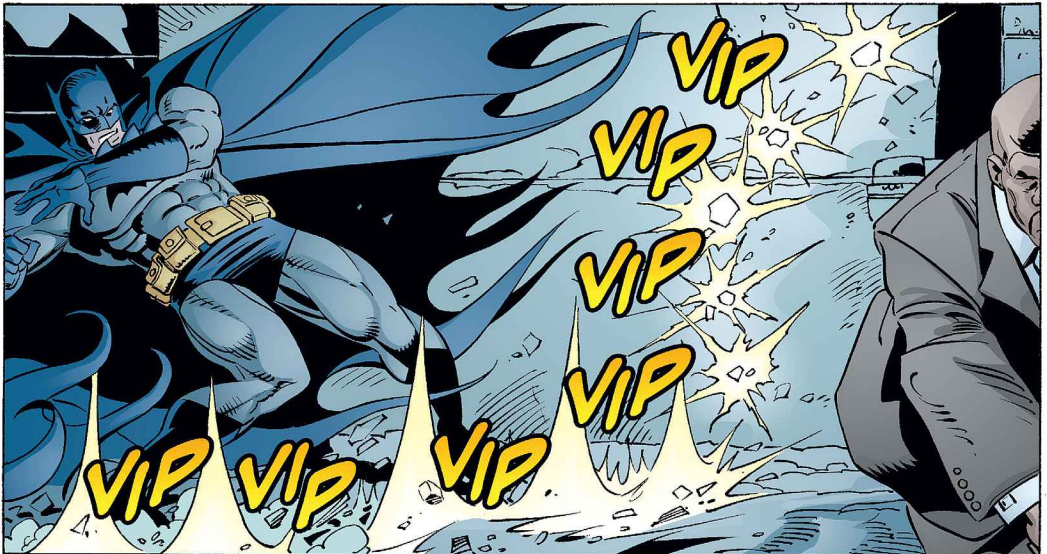
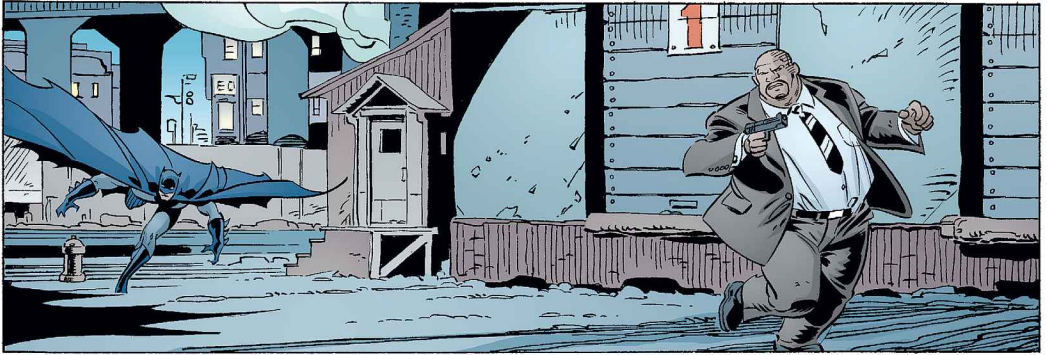
WHURWHURWHUR

WHURWHURWHUR

KRAK



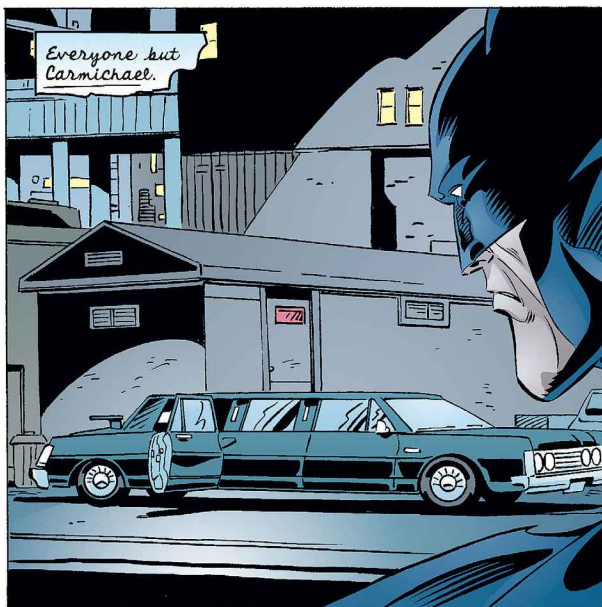




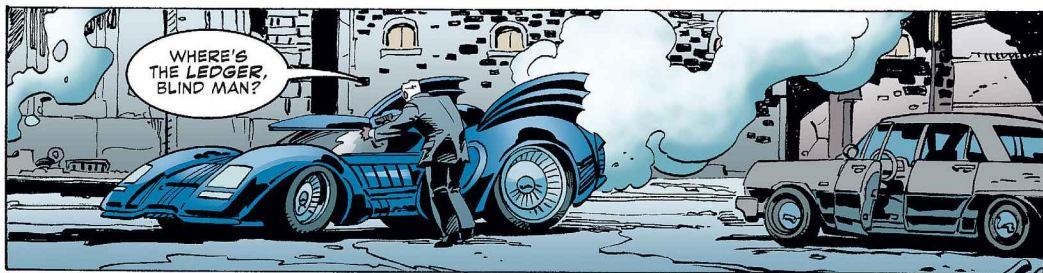




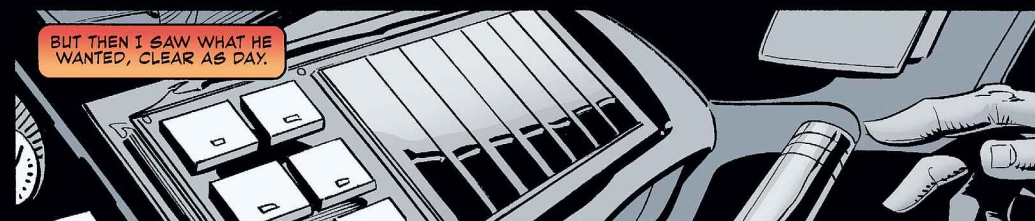








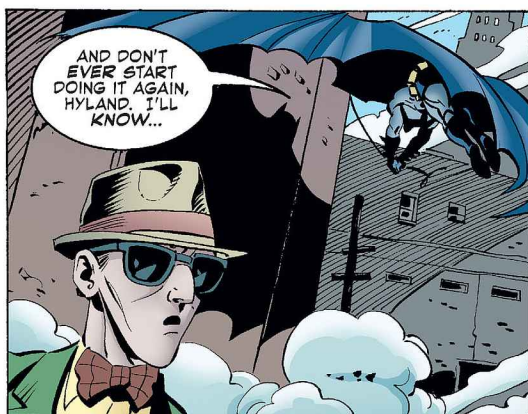
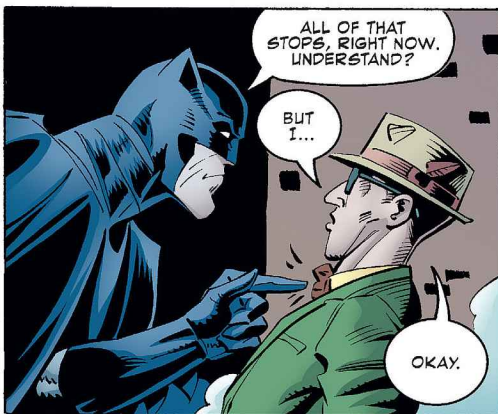



















A full-page comic book illustration. Batman is shown in silhouette, flying horizontally across the upper right portion of the frame. He is wearing his iconic blue and black suit with a yellow bat emblem on the chest. The background is a cityscape at night, heavily covered in snow. Snow is falling in thick, swirling patterns, and many snowflakes are visible in the air. In the background, several skyscrapers are visible, including one with a sign that says "RODGER". The overall color palette is dominated by blues, whites, and greys, with the yellow of Batman's emblem providing a point of contrast.

*I'd been waiting  
for over three hours.  
The blizzard had  
only been blowing  
for two.*

*The insulation in my  
costume had long since  
reached its limits.*

*The wind cut at me  
like a dull razor.  
Numbness crept into  
my fingers.*

*The warmth of my  
car beckoned but I  
wasn't going  
anywhere.*

*Not till the job  
was done.*

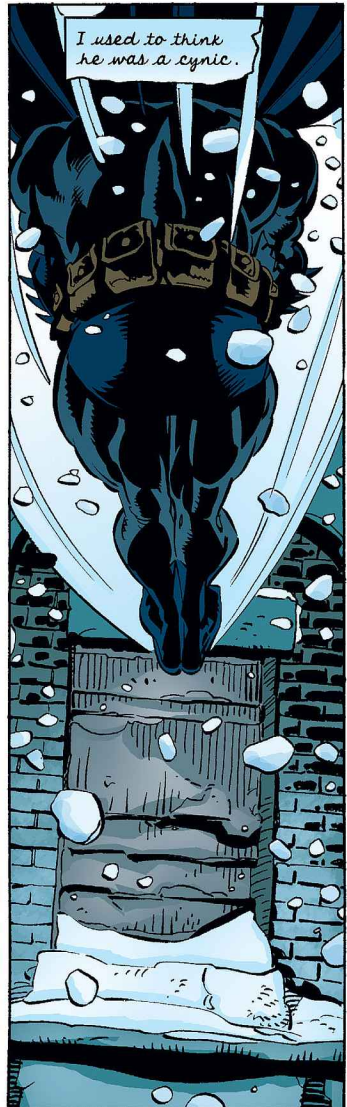
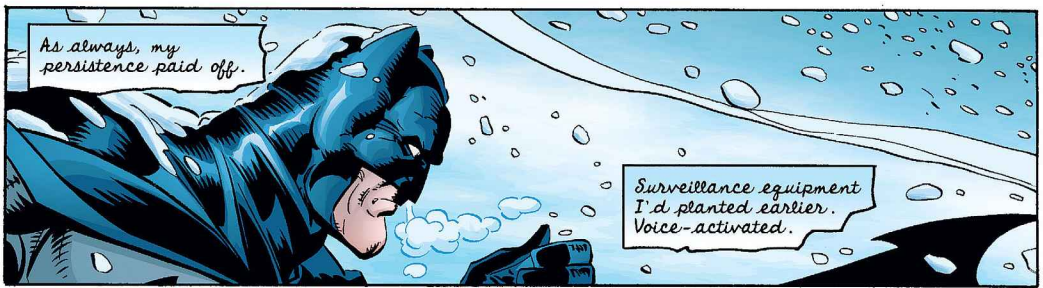
*Cold as it was that  
winter night, the  
hearts of my prey  
were colder still.*

# DON'T BLINK

## PART ONE

Writer: DWAYNE MCDUFFIE Penciller: VAL SEMEIKS  
Inker: DAN GREEN Letterer: KURT HATHAWAY  
Colors: JAMES SINCLAIR Sep's: DIGITAL CHAMELEON  
Asst Ed: HARVEY RICHARDS Editor: ANDREW HELFER  
BATMAN created by BOB KANE

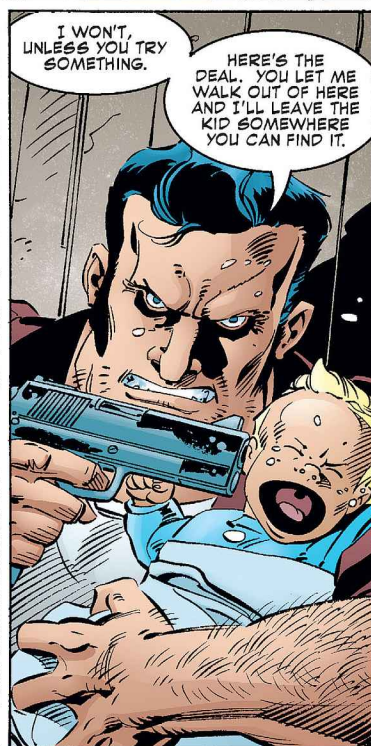




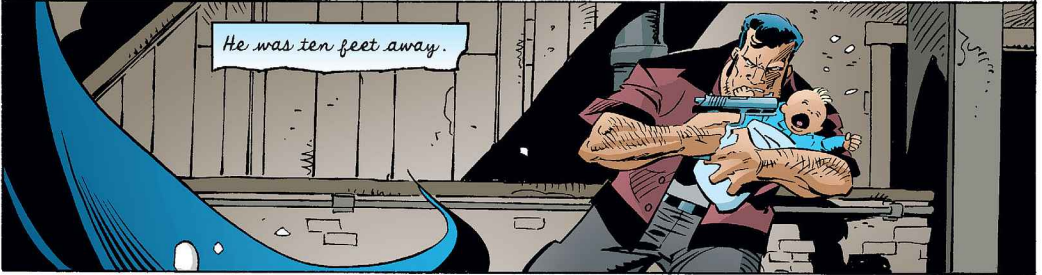












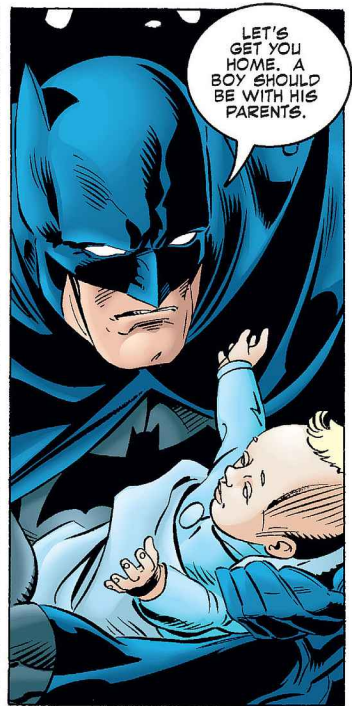




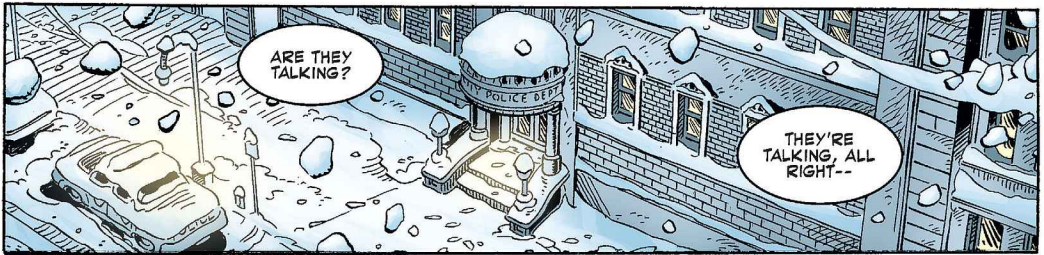
...and still make the catch.



How about that? He didn't even cry.



LET'S GET YOU HOME. A BOY SHOULD BE WITH HIS PARENTS.



ARE THEY TALKING?

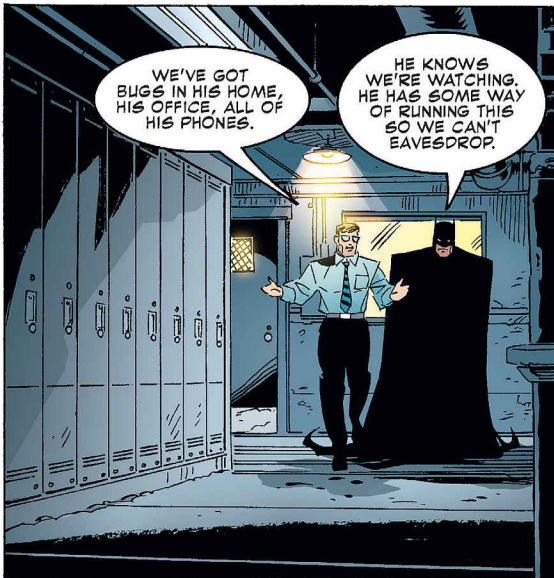
THEY'RE TALKING, ALL RIGHT--



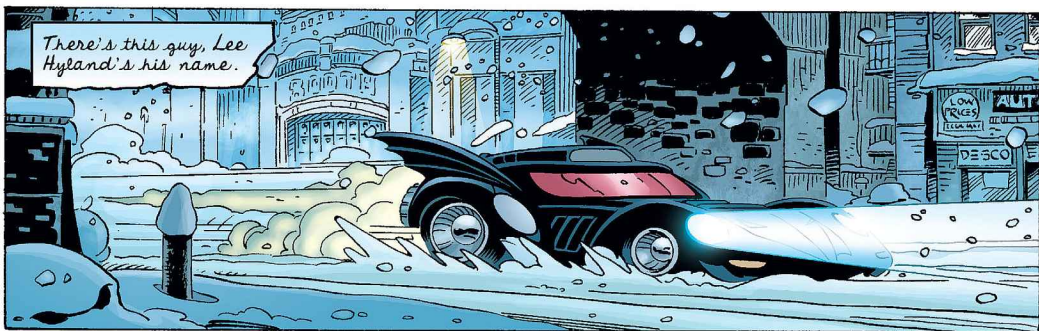
--BUT THEY DON'T KNOW SQUAT.

WHY SHOULD THIS TIME BE ANY DIFFERENT?

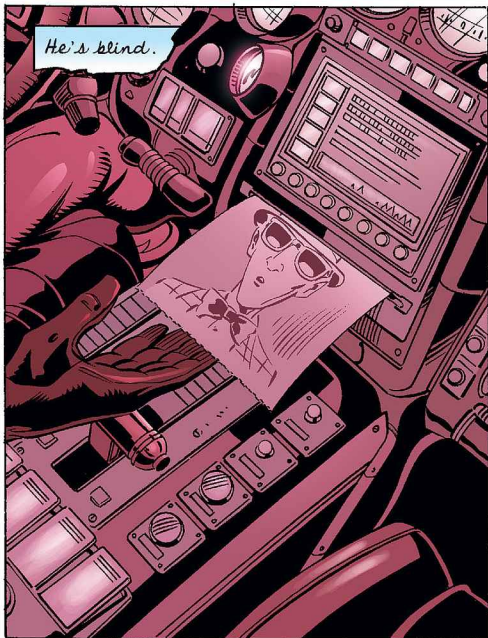








There's this guy, Lee Hyland's his name.



He's blind.



But what nature takes away with one hand, she gives back with the other.

And in his case, she gave it back with interest.



Hyland somehow has the ability to see through the eyes of anyone he touches.

When he's doing it to you, you don't even know he's there.

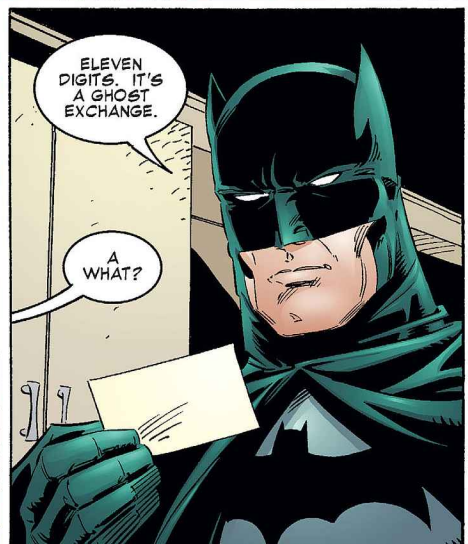


Not so long ago, he saw something he wasn't supposed to see. I kept him from getting killed over it.

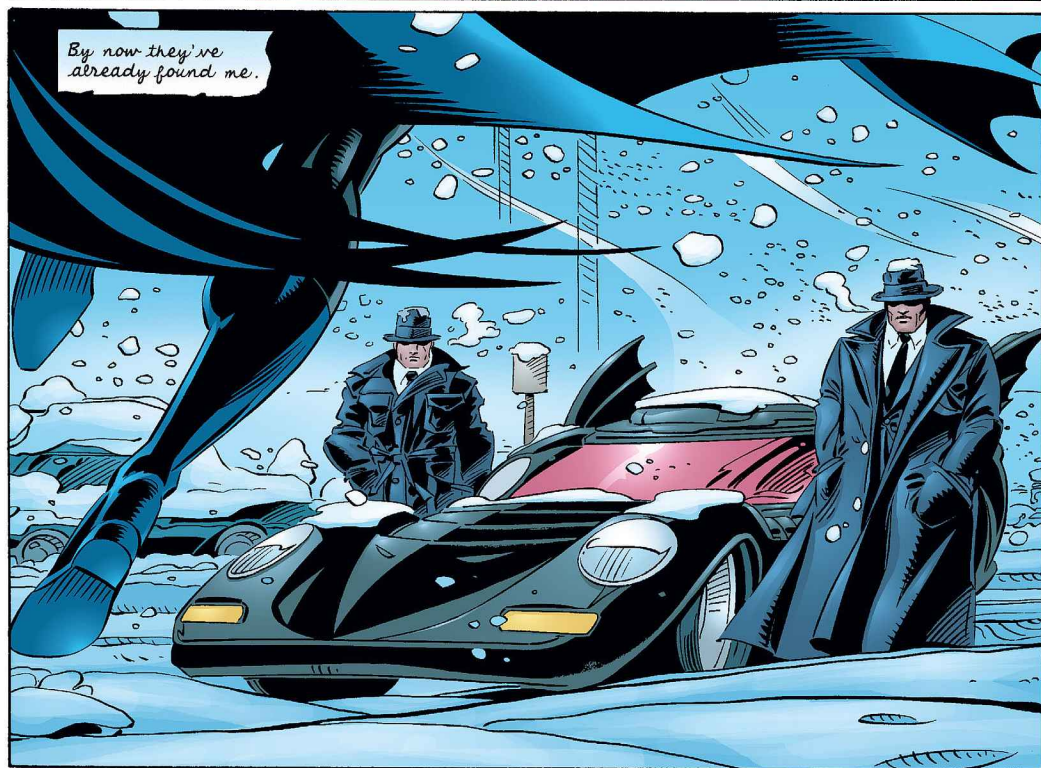
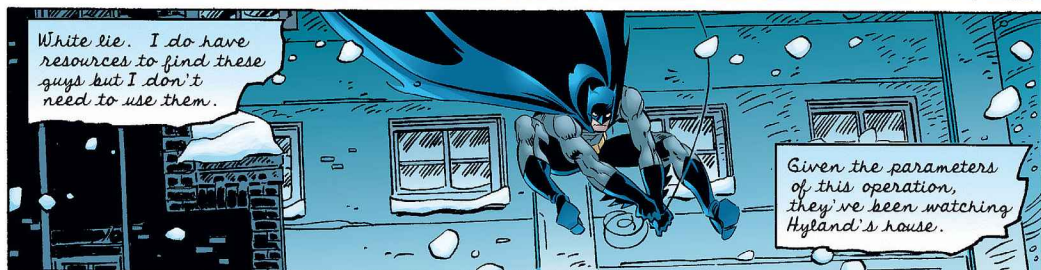




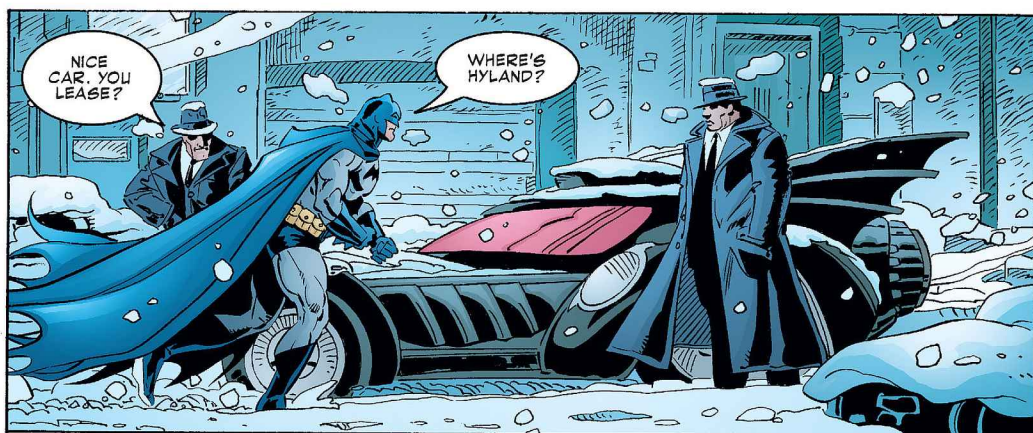




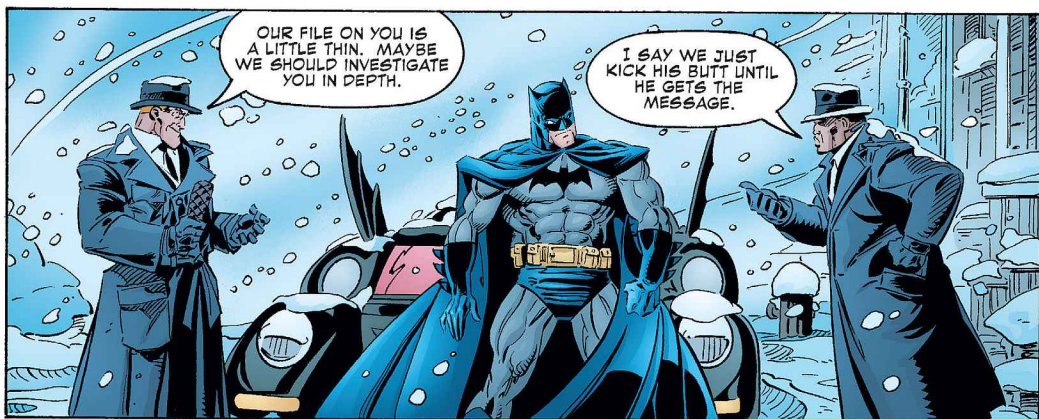




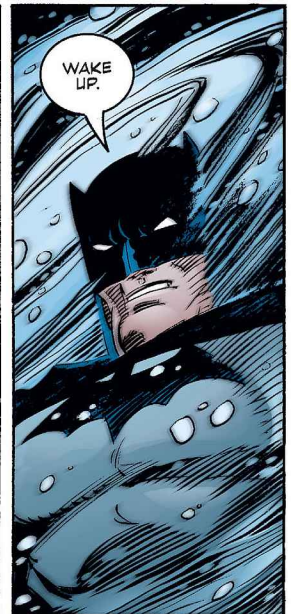




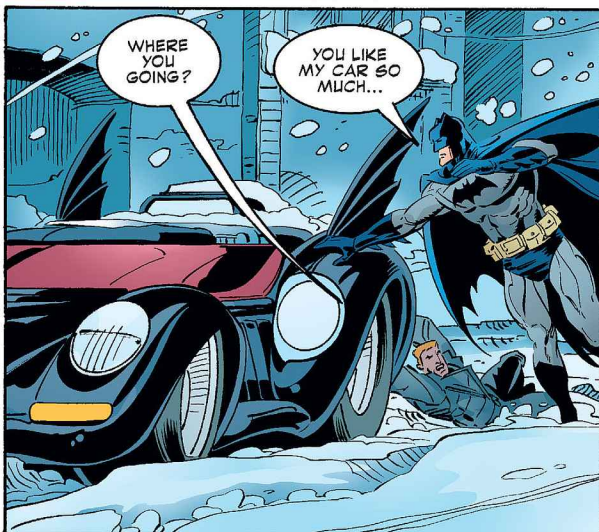
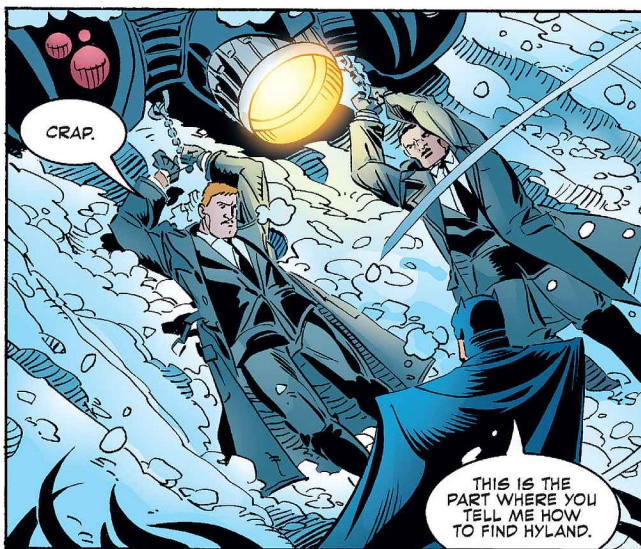




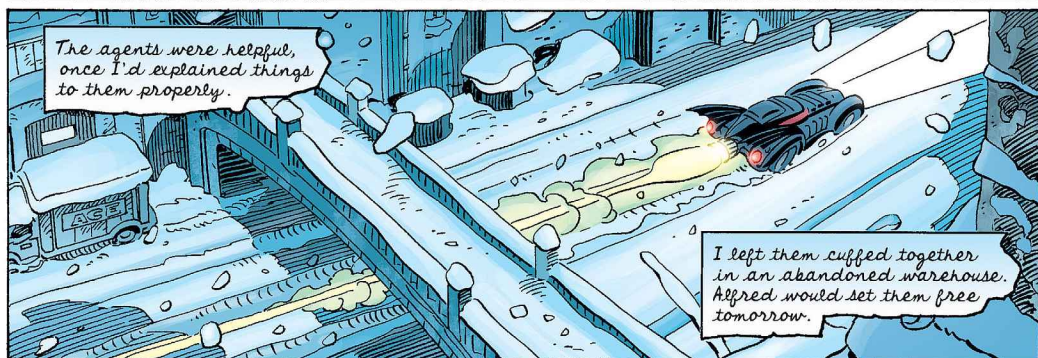
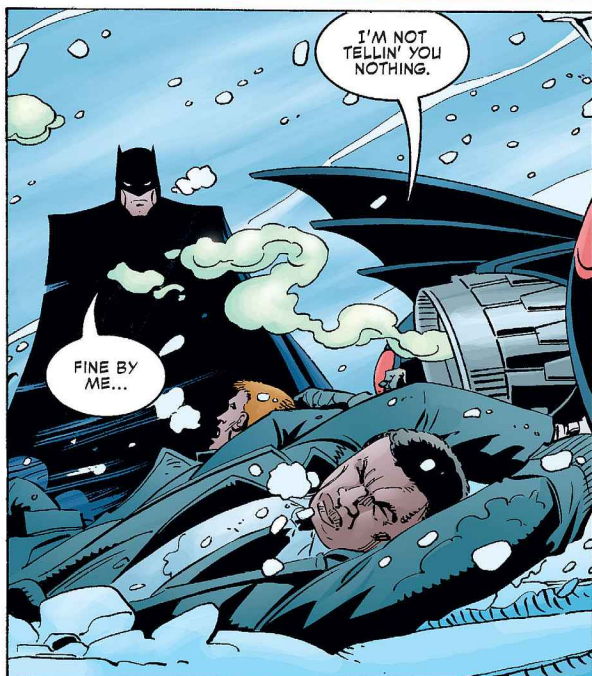




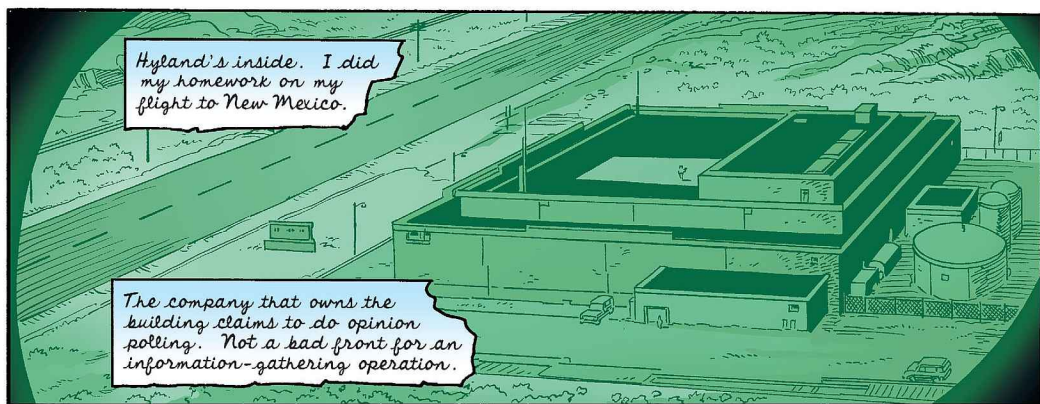










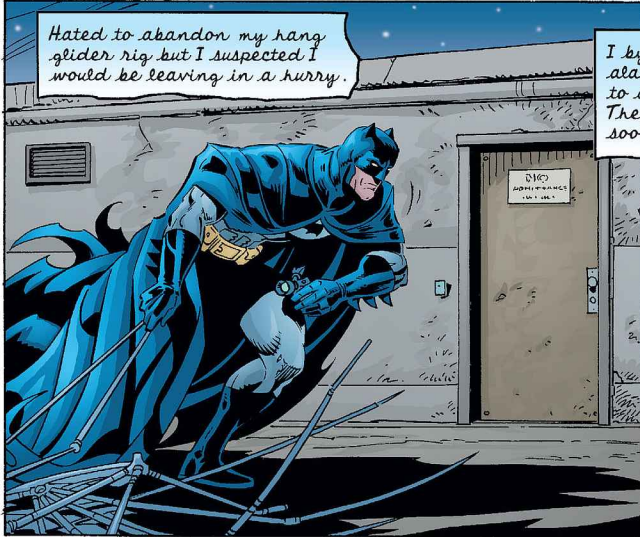






UNH!

Didn't see me coming. It's dark in the desert at night.



Hated to abandon my hang glider rig but I suspected I would be leaving in a hurry.



I bypassed the alarm. No reason to announce myself. They'd notice soon enough.



I couldn't get building plans, so I was going in blind. I'd have to move quickly but methodically.

Floor-by-floor sweep, all right turns.



Taking out anyone in my way.









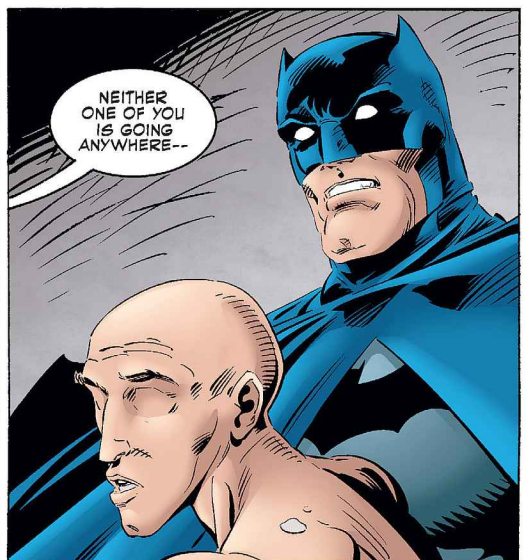
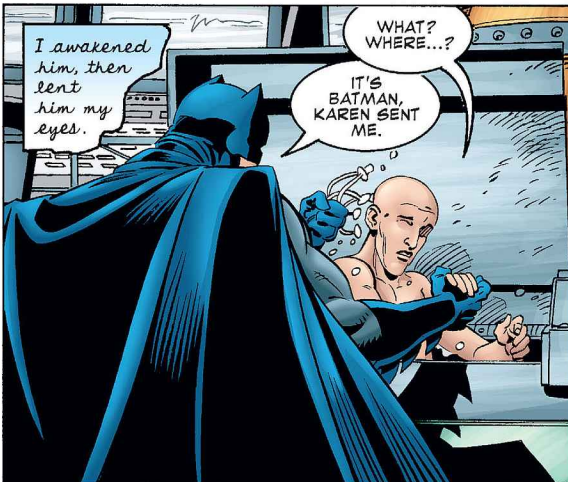
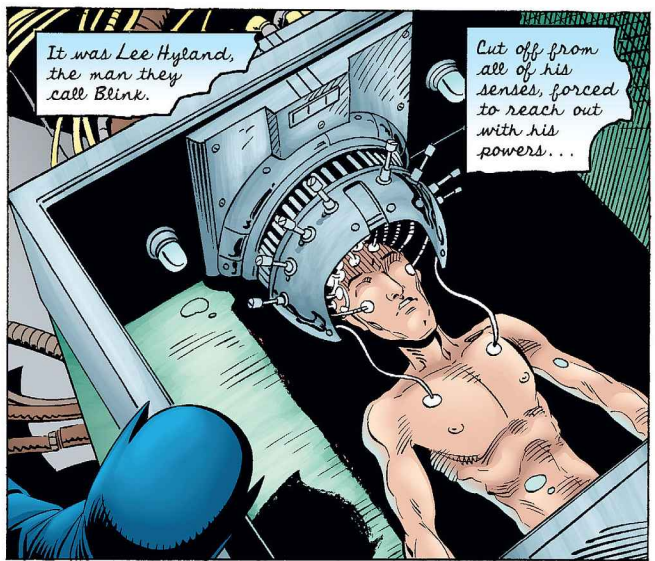
A monitor room.

All of the data seemed to be coming from the device in the center of the room.


But that hardly seemed possible. It looked like a sensory deprivation tank.

And if it was, I could only think of one source for the signals it appeared to be transmitting.









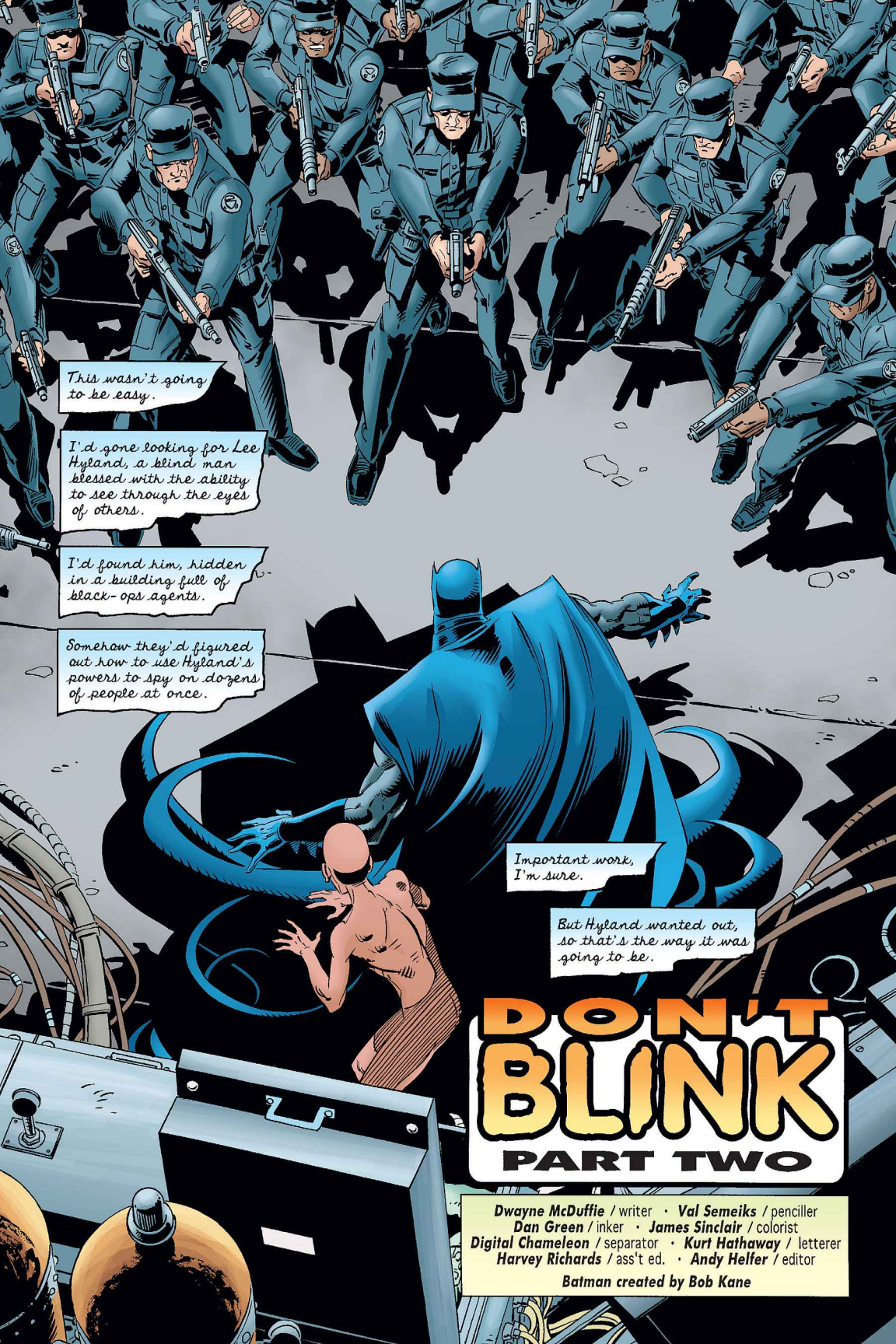
LET ME AMEND  
THAT, BATMAN.  
HYLAND'S GOING BACK  
INTO THE TANK. YOU'RE  
GOING INTO A  
PINE BOX.

**NEXT:**  
**What the**  
**Blind Man**  
**Saw**









*This wasn't going to be easy.*

*I'd gone looking for Lee Hyland, a blind man blessed with the ability to see through the eyes of others.*

*I'd found him, hidden in a building full of black-ops agents.*

*Somehow they'd figured out how to use Hyland's powers to spy on dozens of people at once.*

*Important work, I'm sure.*

*But Hyland wanted out, so that's the way it was going to be.*

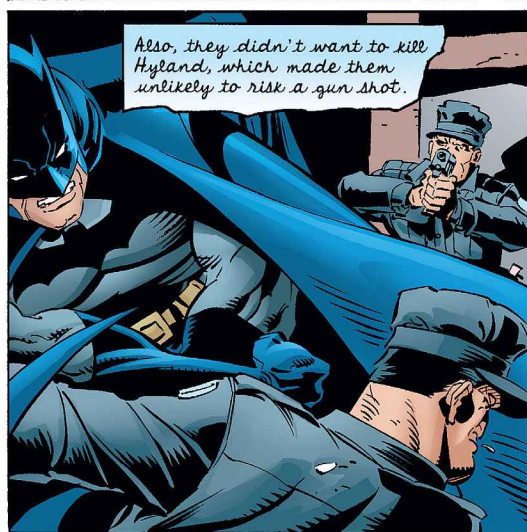
# DON'T BLINK

## PART TWO

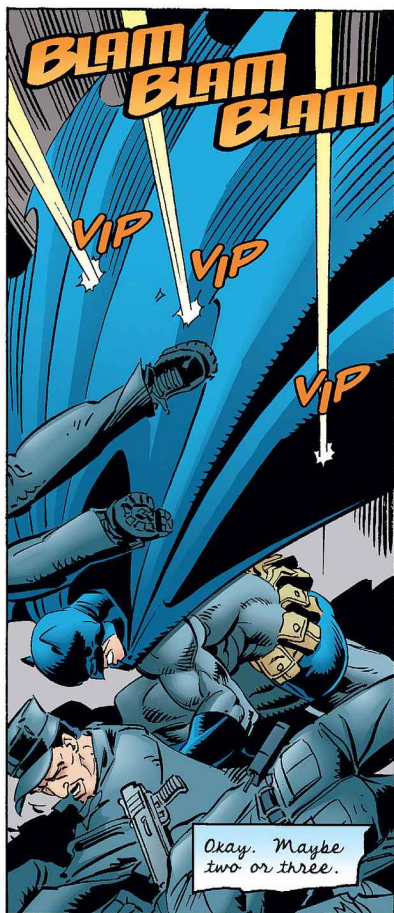
Dwayne McDuffie / writer • Val Semeiks / penciller  
Dan Green / inker • James Sinclair / colorist  
Digital Chameleon / separator • Kurt Hathaway / letterer  
Harvey Richards / ass't ed. • Andy Helfer / editor

Batman created by Bob Kane





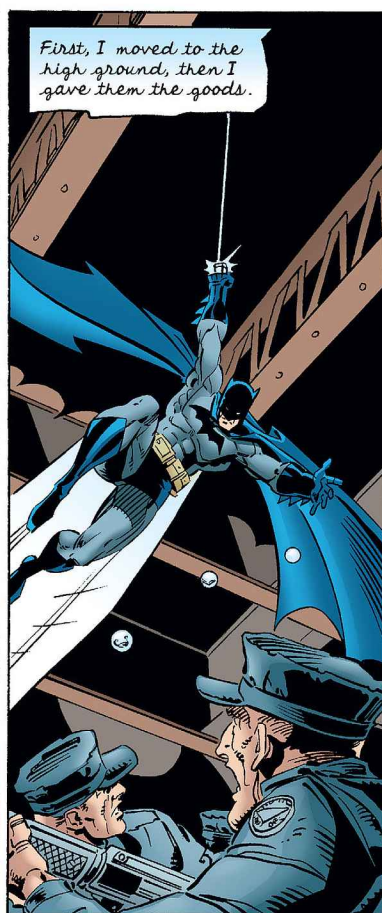




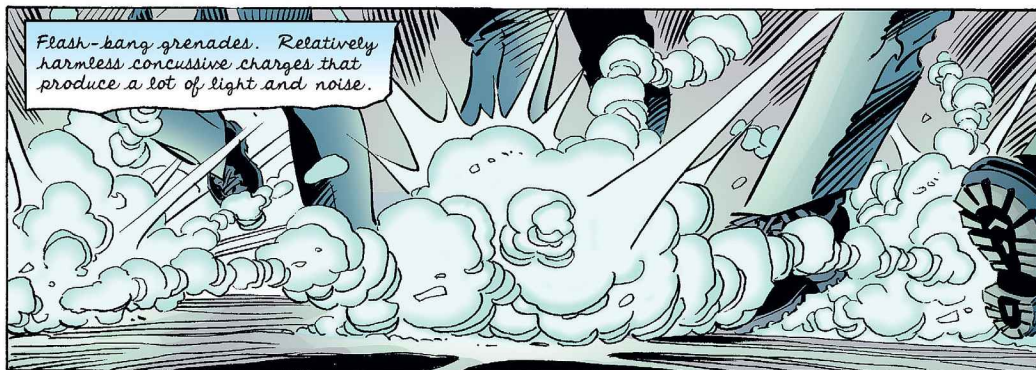
Okay. Maybe two or three.



I was going to have to give these guys something else to think about.



First, I moved to the high ground, then I gave them the goods.



Also smoke.

LOOK OUT!













I let myself get caught up in the fight, rather than keeping focused on my mission.



I can't ever allow my competitive drive to overwhelm my common sense.

AHH!

UNF!

URK!



PAMPF



I keep screwing around, eventually someone's going to take me out.

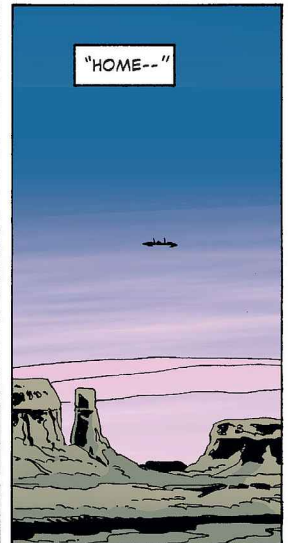
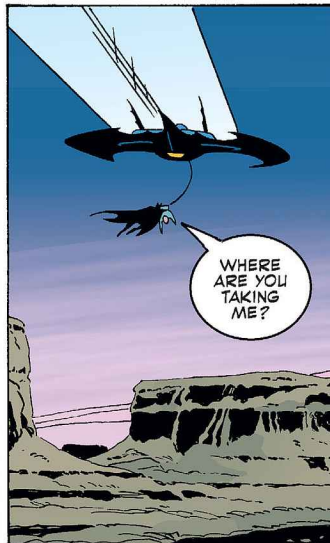
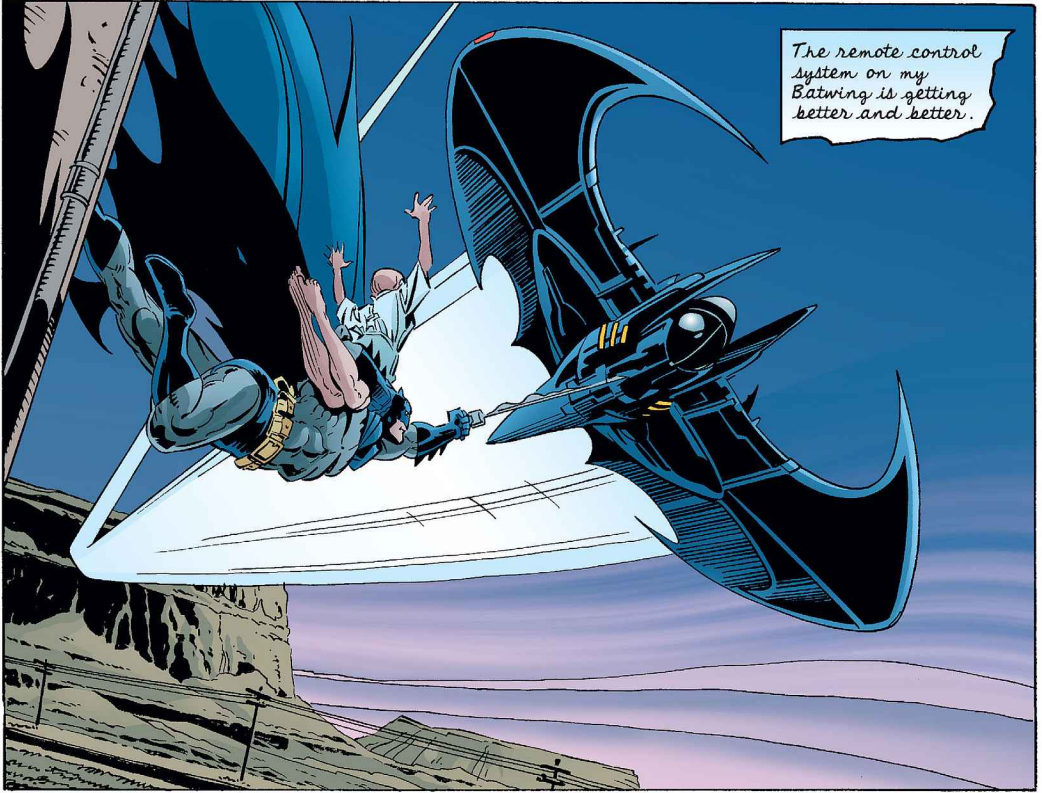


Time to pick up Hyland and get out of here.

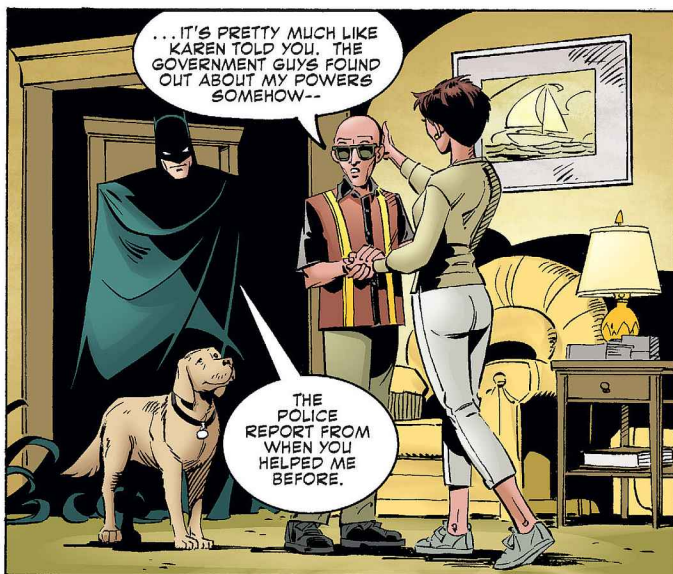










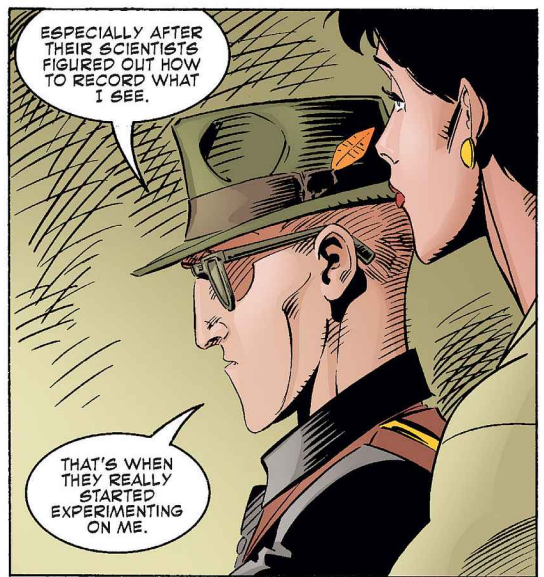






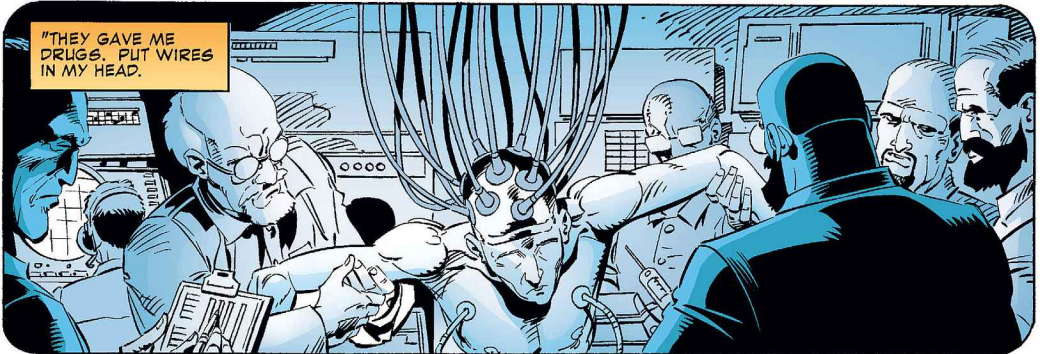
WHY'D THEY KEEP YOU? SOMETHING GO WRONG?

JUST THE OPPOSITE. EVERYTHING WENT PERFECT.

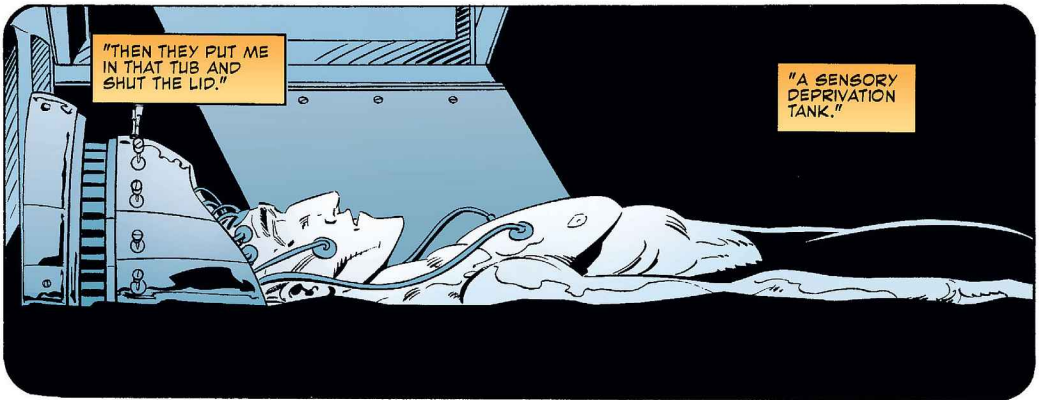


ESPECIALLY AFTER THEIR SCIENTISTS FIGURED OUT HOW TO RECORD WHAT I SEE.

THAT'S WHEN THEY REALLY STARTED EXPERIMENTING ON ME.



"THEY GAVE ME DRUGS. PUT WIRES IN MY HEAD.



"THEN THEY PUT ME IN THAT TUB AND SHUT THE LID."

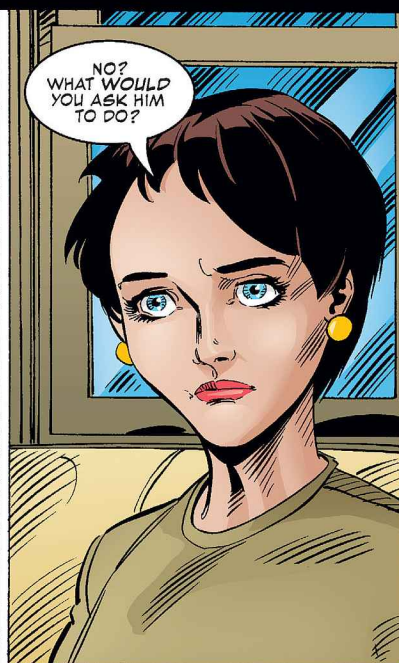
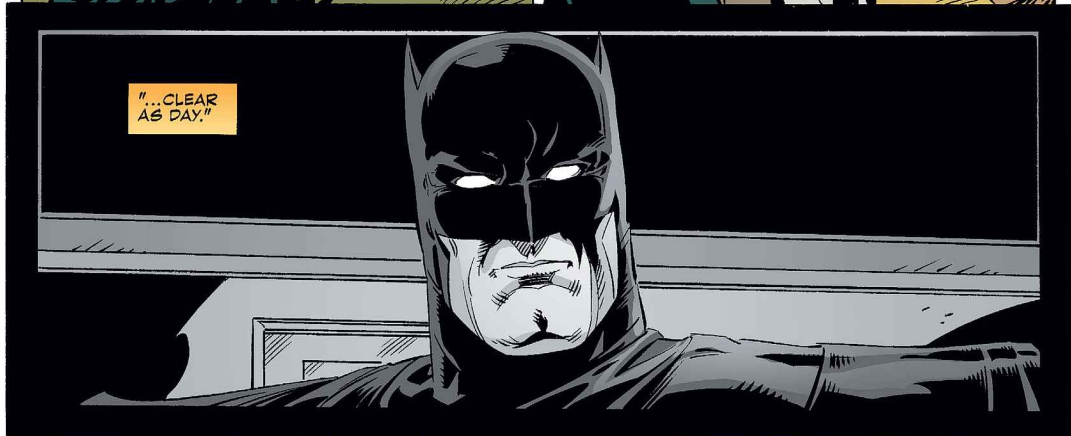
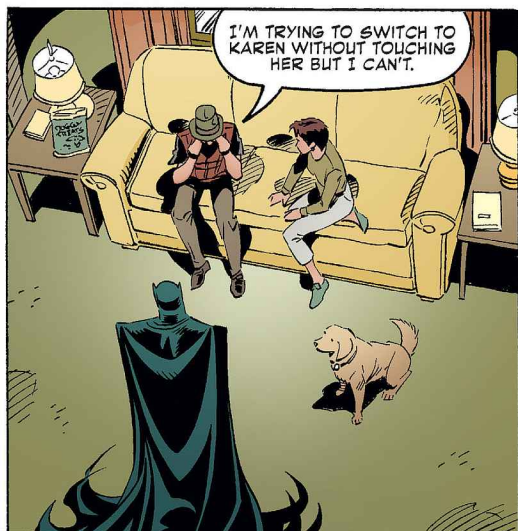
"A SENSORY DEPRIVATION TANK."

"GOOD NAME FOR IT. I WAS FLOATING IN THIS SALTY STUFF. BUT I COULDN'T FEEL OR HEAR NOTHING."

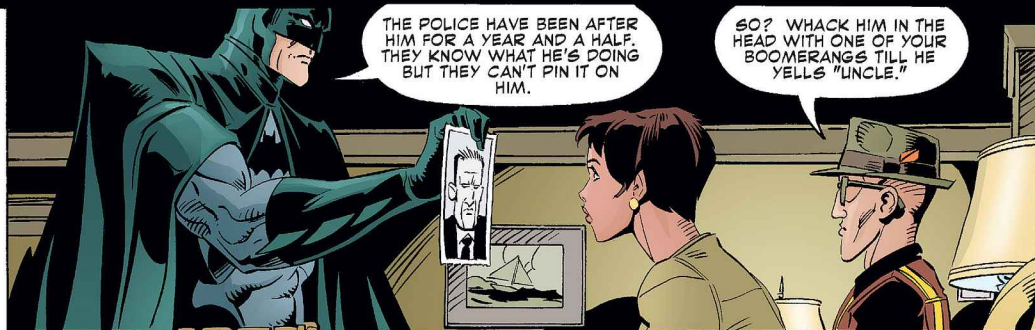




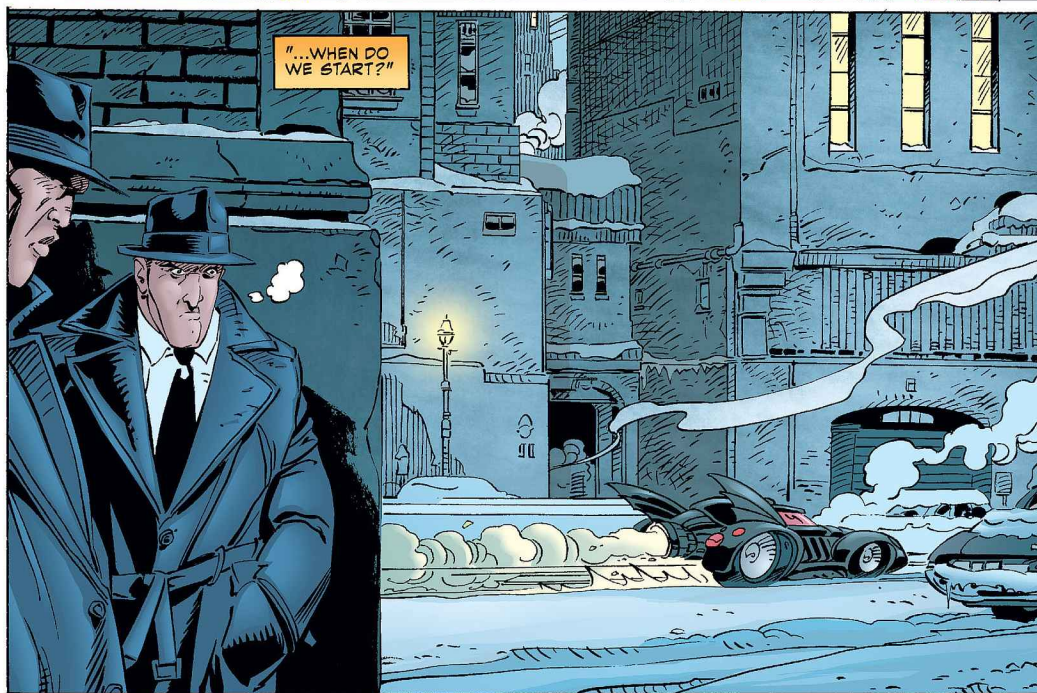










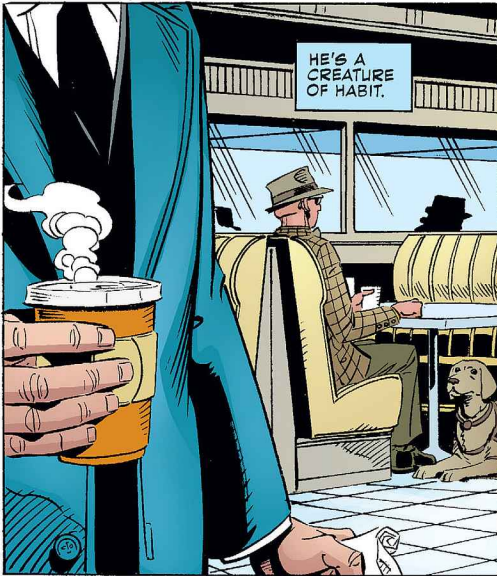
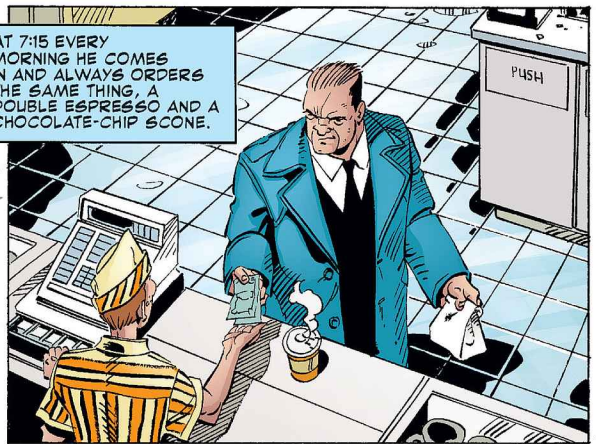




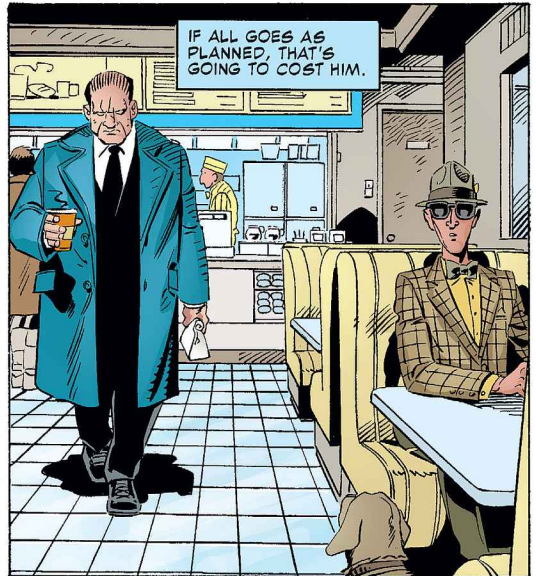


MAKING CONTACT  
WITH CLARKE WASN'T  
VERY DIFFICULT.

AT 7:15 EVERY  
MORNING HE COMES  
IN AND ALWAYS ORDERS  
THE SAME THING, A  
DOUBLE ESPRESSO AND A  
CHOCOLATE-CHIP Scone.



HE'S A  
CREATURE  
OF HABIT.



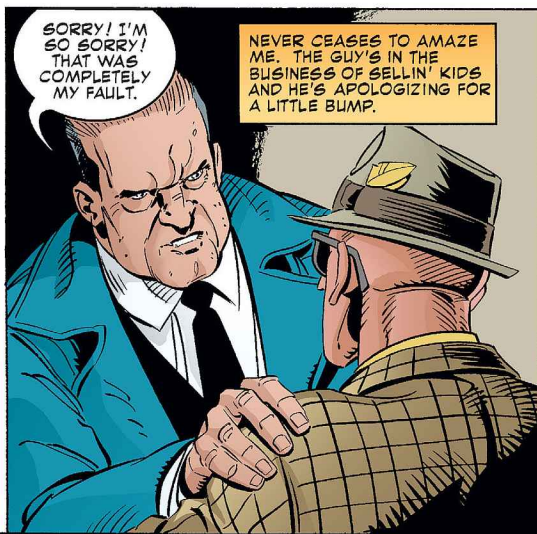
IF ALL GOES AS  
PLANNED, THAT'S  
GOING TO COST HIM.



UNPH!

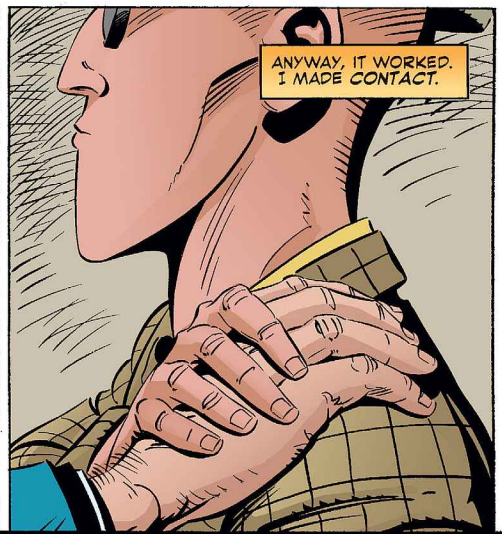
OH!!





SORRY! I'M SO SORRY! THAT WAS COMPLETELY MY FAULT.

NEVER CEASES TO AMAZE ME. THE GUY'S IN THE BUSINESS OF SELLIN' KIDS AND HE'S APOLOGIZING FOR A LITTLE BUMP.



ANYWAY, IT WORKED. I MADE CONTACT.



NOW I WAS IN HIS HEAD, SEEING THE WORLD THROUGH HIS EYES.



AND HE DIDN'T HAVE A CLUE.

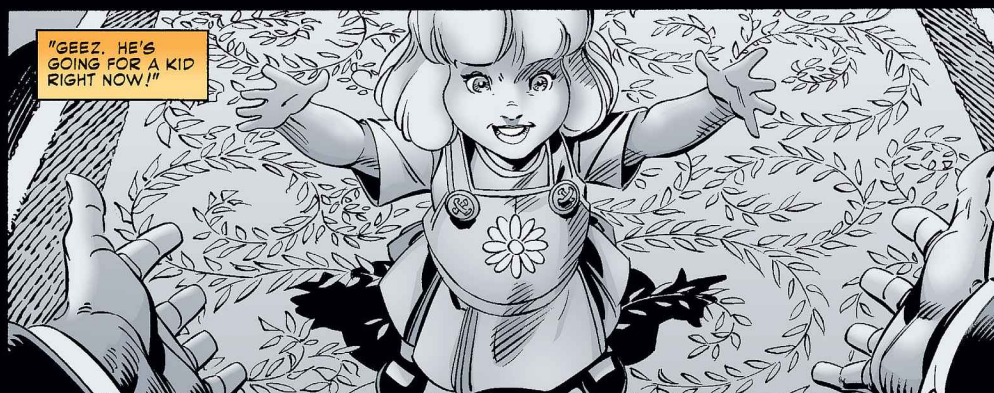
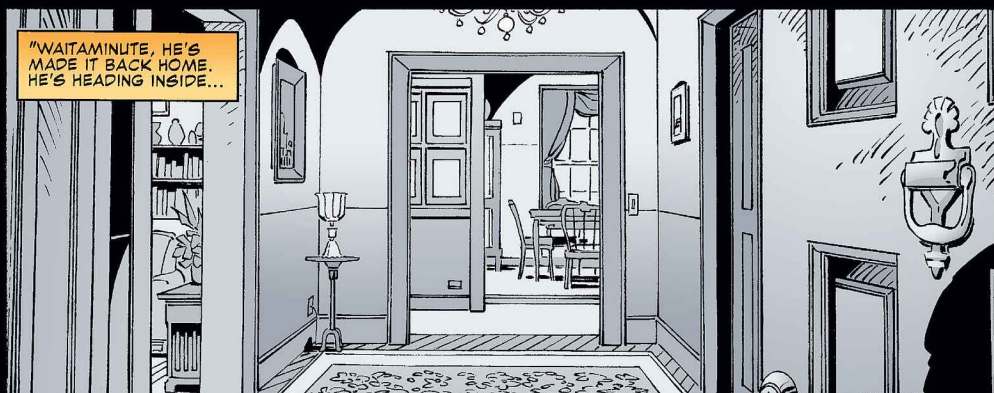
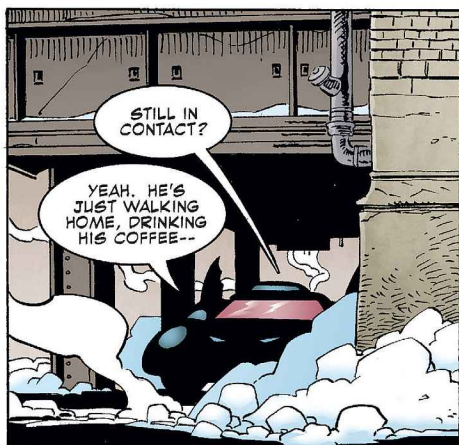
YOU SURE YOU OKAY?

JUST FINE, MISTER. THANKS.

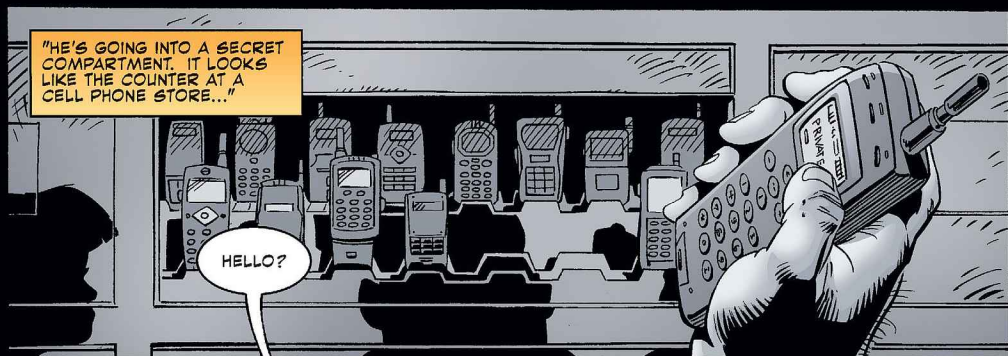
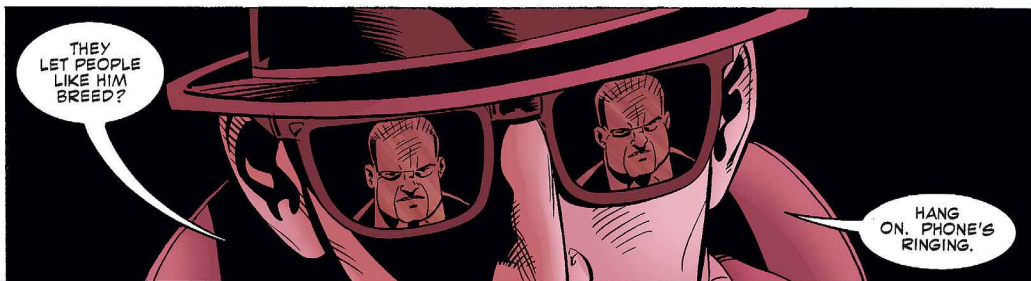


MY DOG LED ME BACK TO WHERE BATMAN WAS WAITING FOR ME. I ONLY HAD EYES FOR CLARKE.



















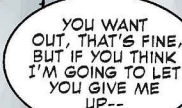










Illustration by [illegible]





The clock was  
against me.

It had been nearly 60 seconds  
since Carson Clarke, the subject of  
my surveillance, was shot dead.

35 seconds since the killer,  
a man I knew only by the  
name "Farell," picked up  
the dead man's child and  
headed for the tunnels  
beneath his house.

Less than 2 seconds since  
I parked in front of the  
scene of the crime.

In my business,  
an eternity.

# DON'T BLINK

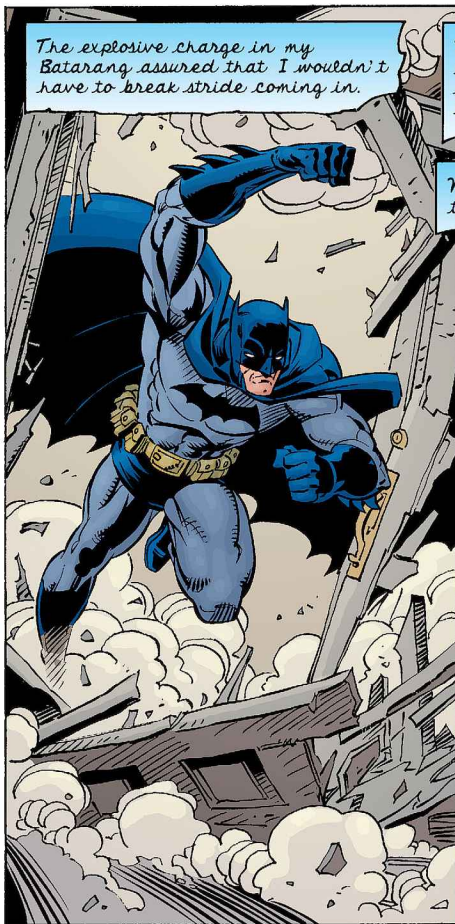
## PART THREE

Writer: DWAYNE MCDUFFIE Penciller: VAL SEMEIKS  
Inker: DAN GREEN Letterer: KURT HATHAWAY  
Colors: JAMES SINCLAIR  
Asst Ed: HARVEY RICHARDS Editor: ANDREW HELFER  
BATMAN created by BOB KANE





I'd have to pick up the pace.



The explosive charge in my Batarang assured that I wouldn't have to break stride coming in.



The killer entered the house from a secret tunnel in the basement.

No trouble finding the basement stairs.



Or the corpse, for that matter.





From the building plans I'd looked up, it was clear that the "secret tunnel" was actually a conduit in the Gotham sewer system.

The door would have to be--

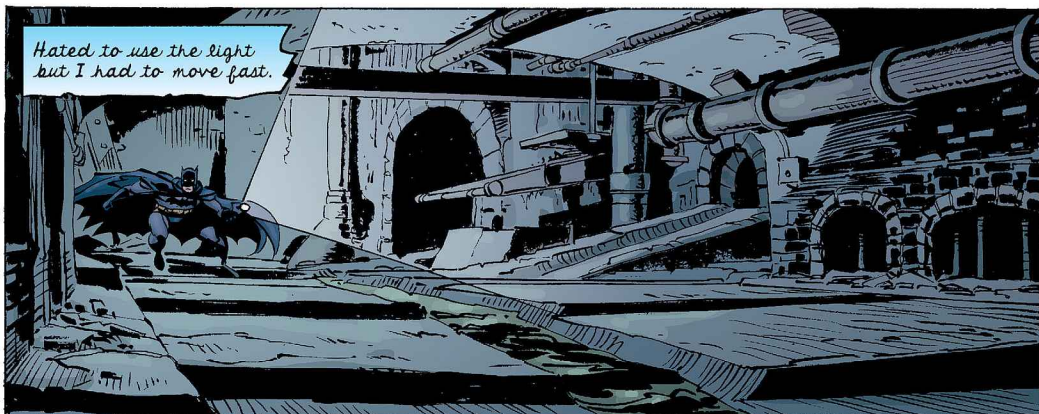


--right here.

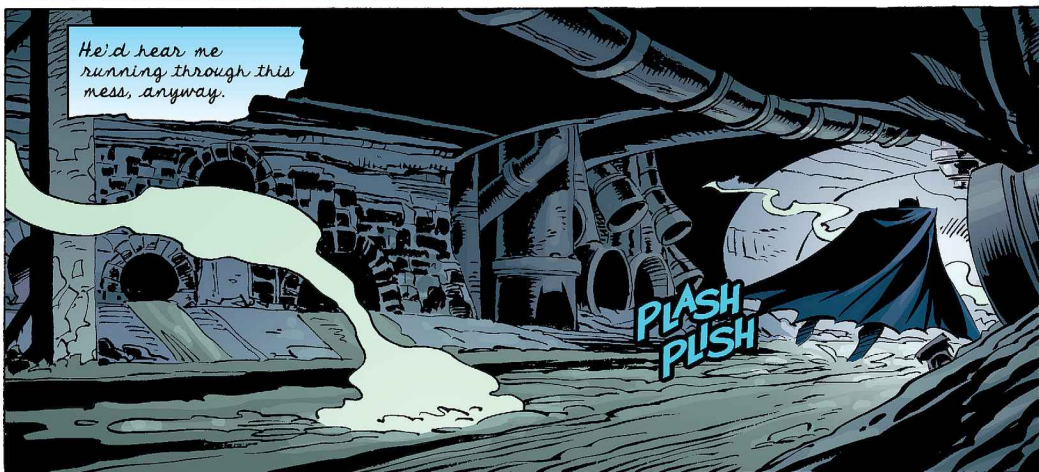


Judging from the smell, I was right about the sewer.

And I could just make out the sound of footsteps, moving away from me.



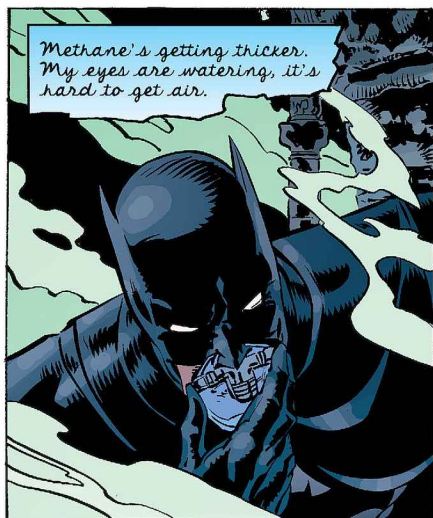
Hated to use the light but I had to move fast.



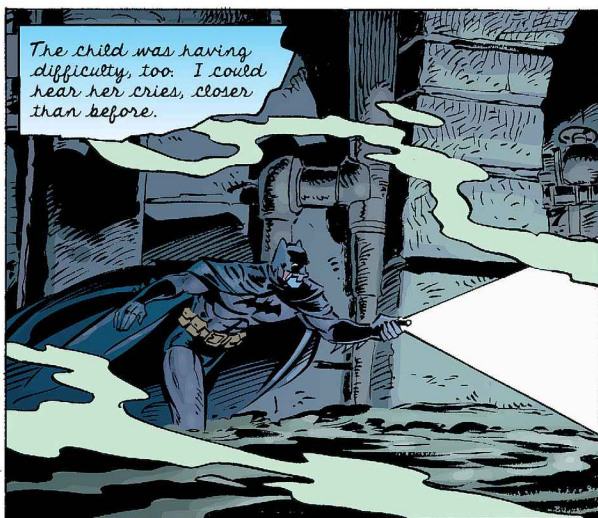
He'd hear me running through this mess, anyway.

PLASH  
PLUSH





Methane's getting thicker.  
My eyes are watering, it's  
hard to get air.



The child was having  
difficulty, too. I could  
hear her cries, closer  
than before.



I was gaining on them.



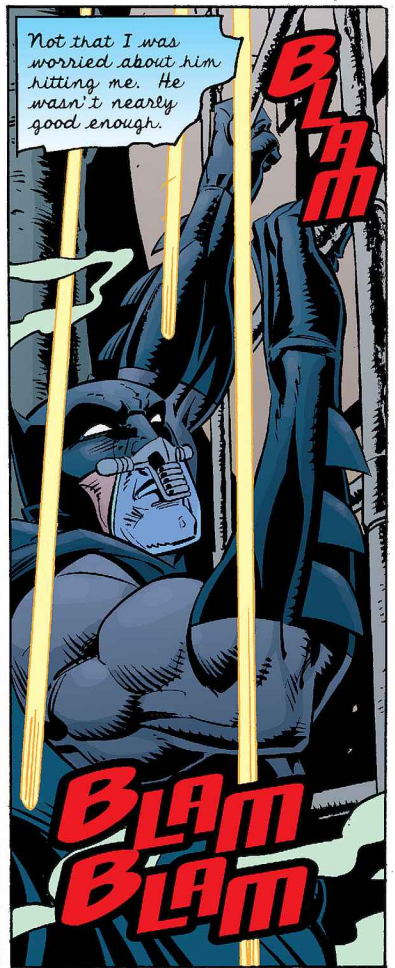
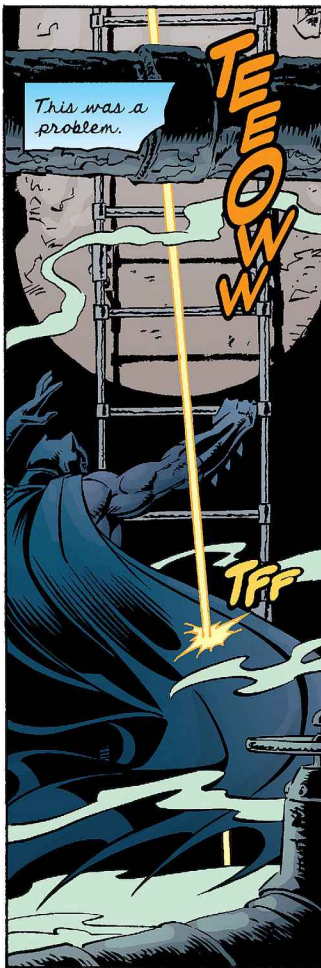
FARELL!  
HOLD IT!

STAY  
BACK!

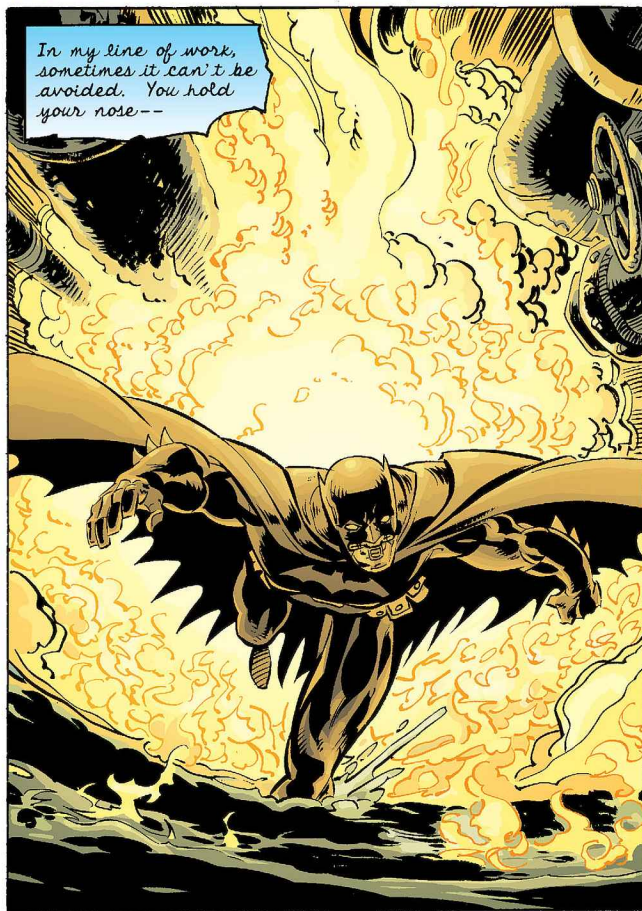
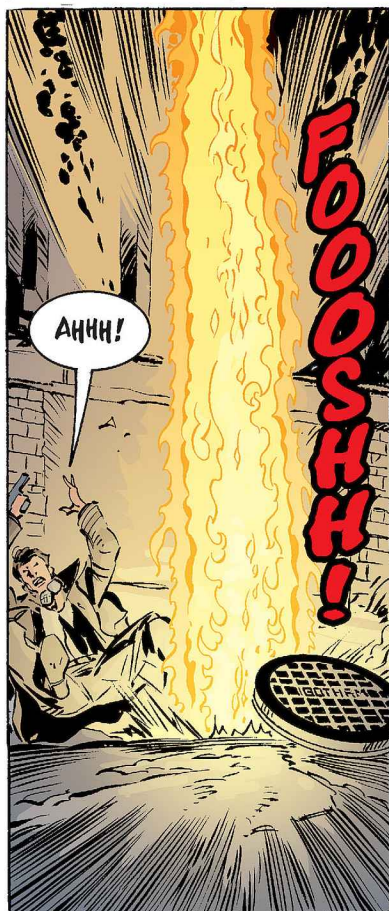
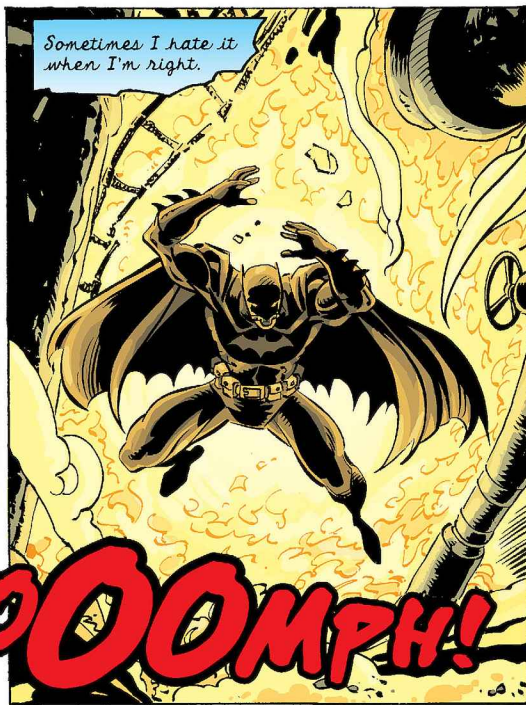


I MEAN  
IT! I GOT  
NO BEEF WITH  
YOU, WALK  
AWAY!

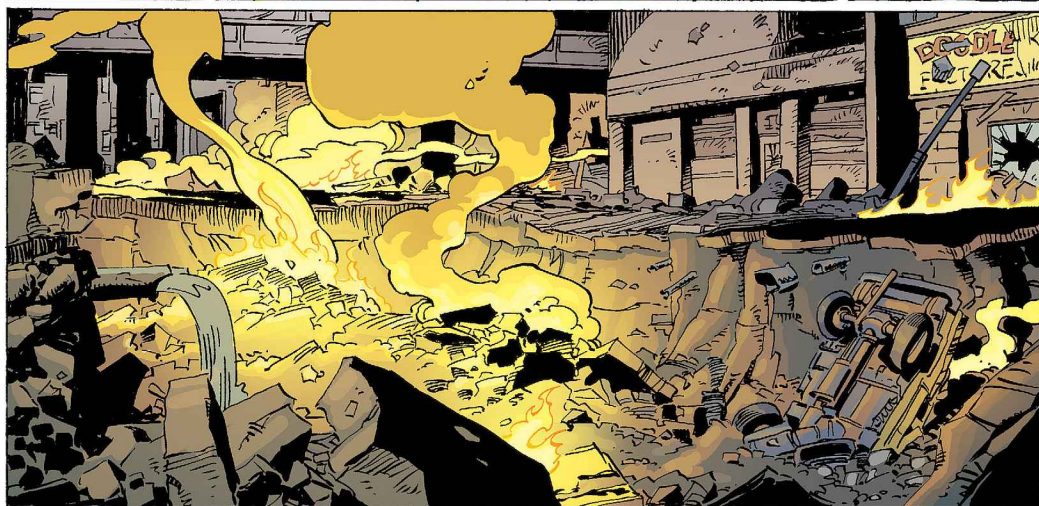




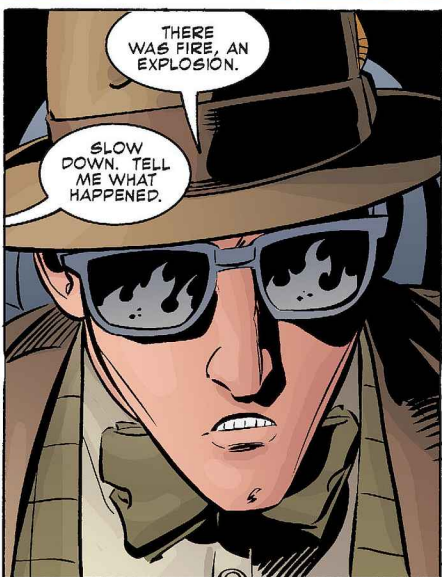




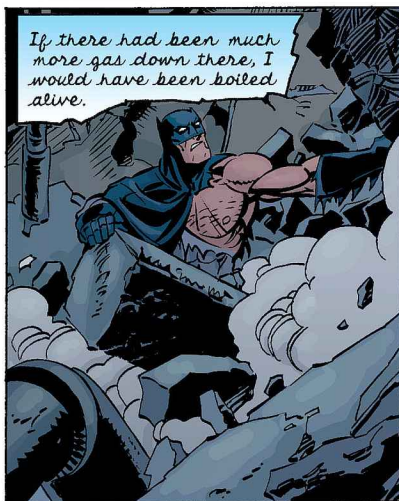
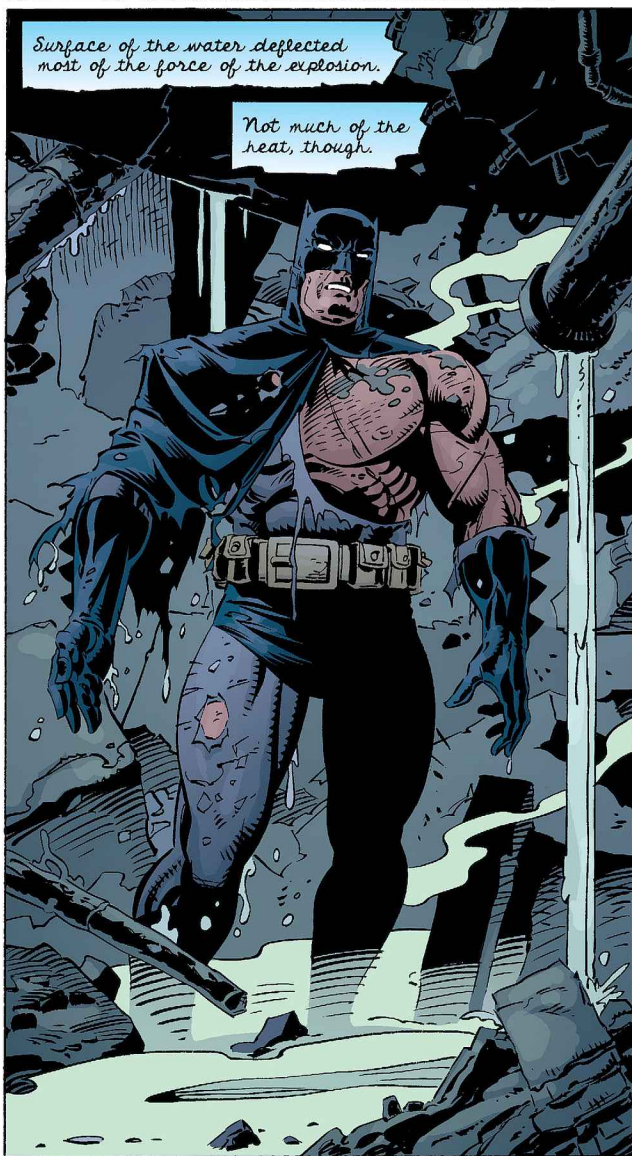
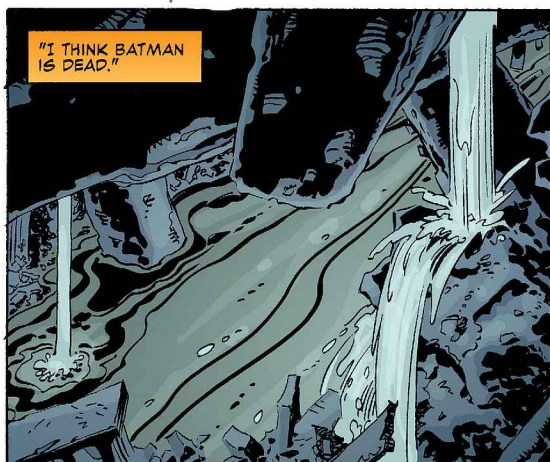




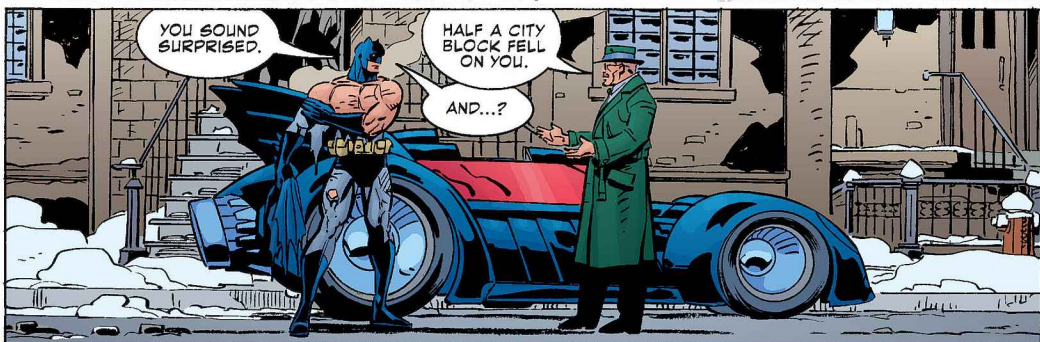




















The next few hours were maddening, just waiting for Blink to spot something he recognized.

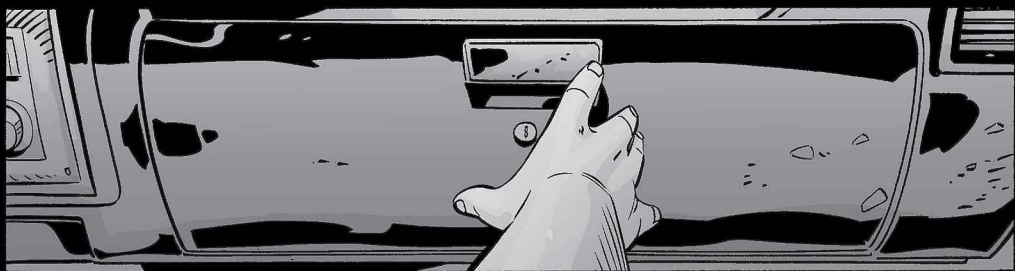


All things considered, I should have gone home for the shower.

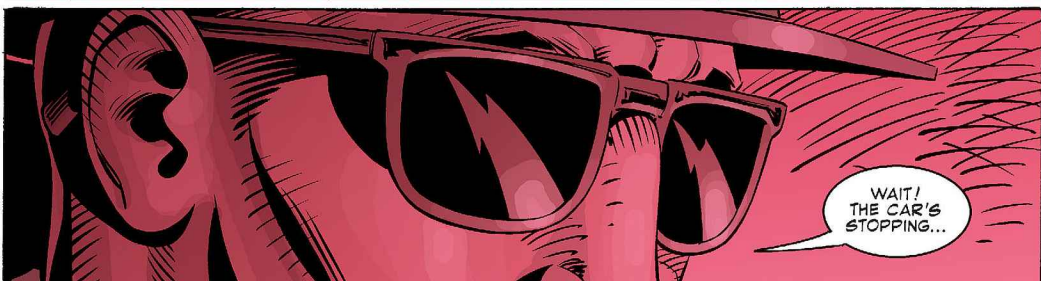
HYLAND, YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE ME SOMETHING TO WORK WITH.



YOU SEE ANYTHING?











WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING HERE?  
I HAVEN'T HEARD  
ANYTHING FROM  
CLARKE.

YOU'RE  
NOT LIKELY  
TO.



BLONDE.  
THAT'S UPMARKET.  
SHE'S A LITTLE  
OLD, THOUGH, AIN'T  
SHE?

SHE'S  
NOT FOR  
SALE.



I DON'T  
GET IT. WHY  
ARE YOU  
HERE?

I'M  
CLOSING  
DOWN THE  
STORE.



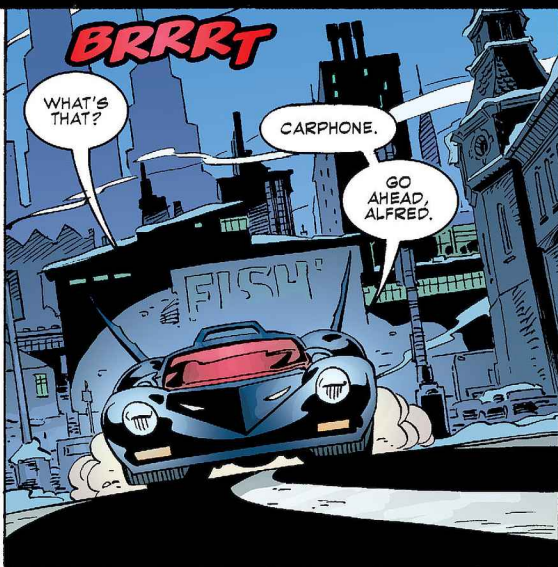
WHOA.  
WAIT, MAN,  
WHAT'D I  
EVER DO TO  
YOU?

NOTHING  
PERSONAL,  
HARRIS. YOU'RE  
JUST THE NEXT  
ONE ON MY  
LIST.

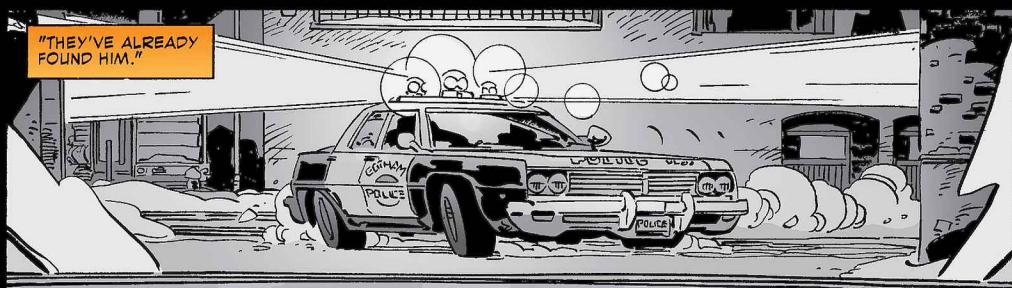


**BLAMM**

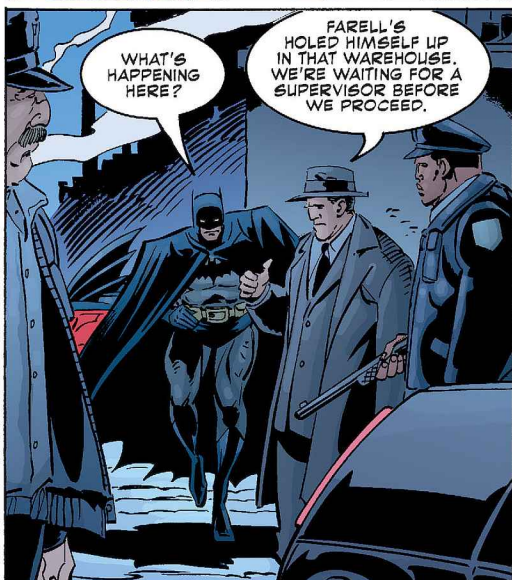














"--I'M LOOKING  
RIGHT AT HIM."



If I had one wish, it would  
be to get rid of the seemingly  
endless supply of abandoned  
warehouses in this town.



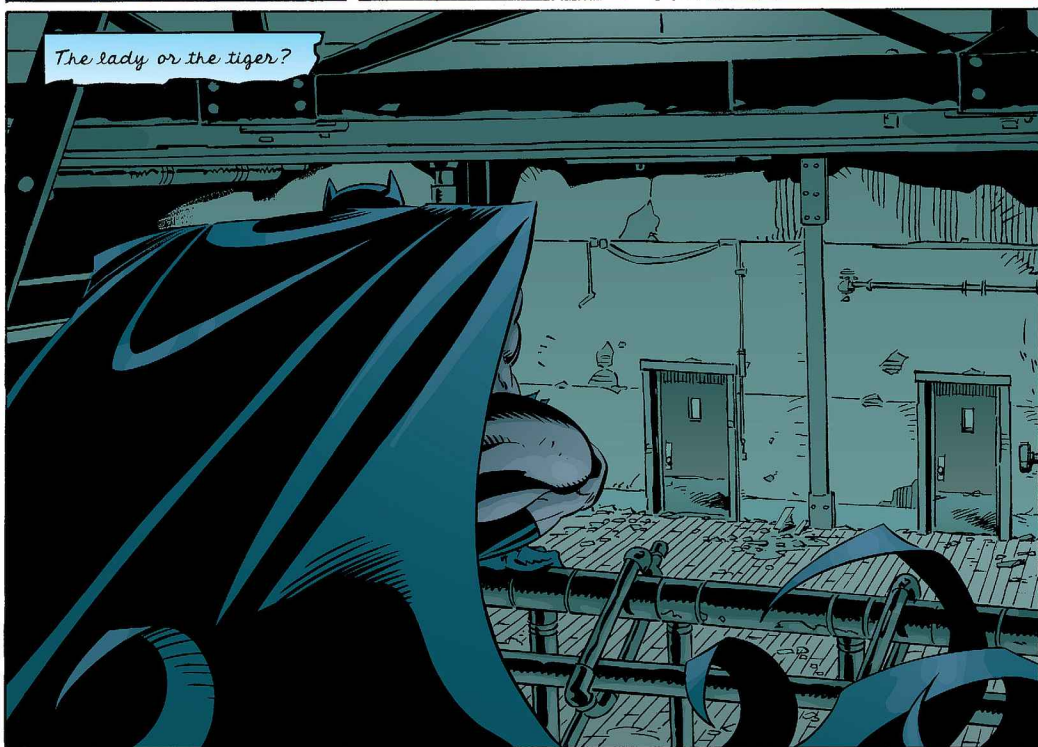
Have to stay away from the  
doors. He'll be watching  
them, and dodging buckshot  
isn't high on my list.



From Hyland's description,  
it has to be one of two  
rooms on the third floor  
in the southeast corner.



The lady or the tiger?









"HE'S JUST TO THE RIGHT OF THE DOOR. YOU GO IN THERE, HE'S GOT A CLEAN SHOT AT YOU."

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A CLEAR SHOT AT ME.

**WHUMP**

I took my best guess, figuring he'd hide in the room closest to the corner.

Wrong again.

My only hope at this point was that his reaction time would be slow.

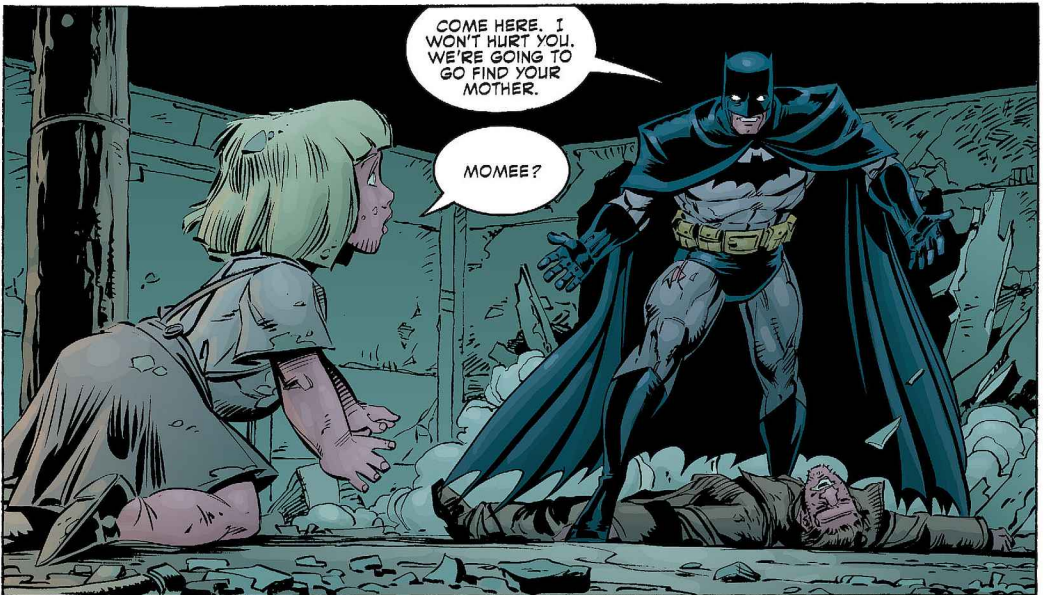
**KRAKOW**

Pretty quick, actually.

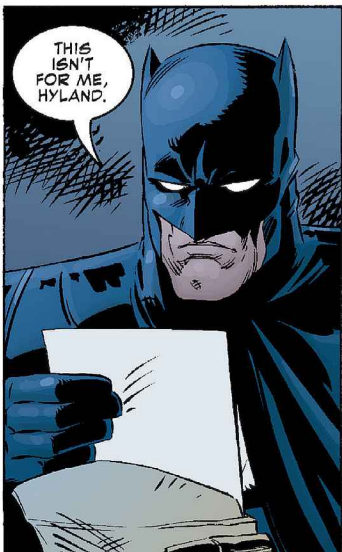
But the advantage was mine. I could triangulate his likely position from his two shots...

**KRAKOW**










**TO BE  
CONCLUDED**







A comic book panel showing Batman in a dark blue suit and cape, crouching in a snowy, debris-strewn environment. He is holding a small, torn piece of paper that says "POLICE WANTED". In the background, a dark blue car with a red stripe is overturned, with a man in a trench coat and hat standing nearby. The scene is filled with snow and broken pieces of the car.

*It's a cold world.*

*Lee Hyland is a blind man who can see through the eyes of anyone he touches.*

*Because of that ability, a renegade government agency kidnapped him and used him to gather intelligence.*

*I rescued him from those people.*

*Not out of the goodness of my heart but because I too had a use for him.*

*Mission accomplished. But now the government agents want him back.*

*So they kidnapped his girlfriend.*

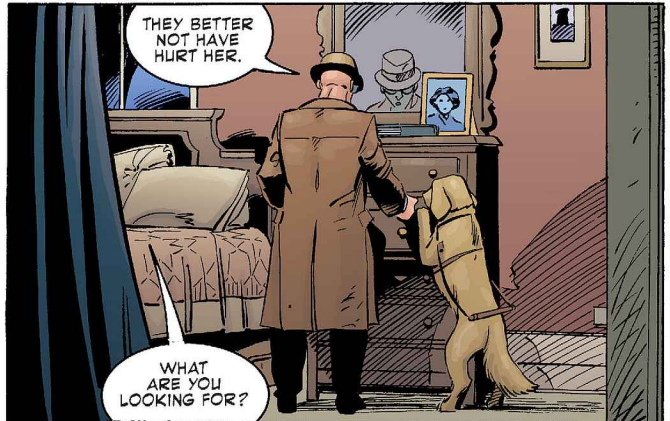
*Cold.*

# DON'T BLINK

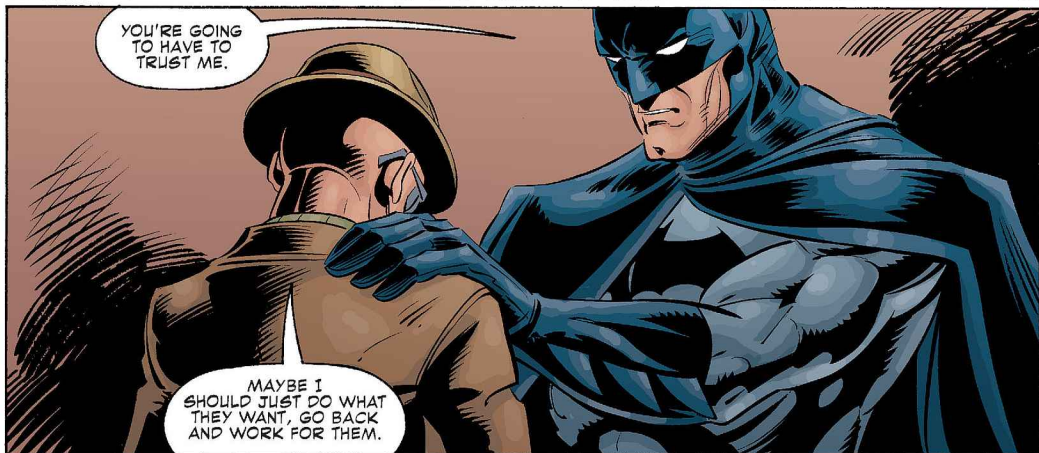
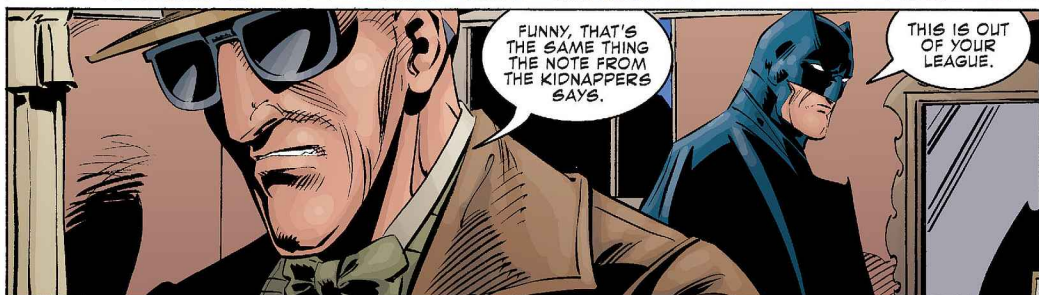
## PART FOUR

Dwayne McDuffie / writer • Val Semeiks / penciller  
Dan Green / inker • James Sinclair / colorist  
Kurt Hathaway / letterer • Brian Stelfreeze / cover  
Harvey Richards / ass't ed • Andy Helfer / editor  
Batman created by Bob Kane













NOT AN  
OPTION.

SHE  
KNOWS TOO  
MUCH, ONCE THEY  
GET THEIR HANDS  
ON YOU AGAIN,  
SHE'S A  
LIABILITY.



THEY'LL KILL  
HER?

NO. I  
WON'T LET  
THEM.



I assumed I was being  
watched, or rather, that  
Hyland's place was.



They'd see me leave,  
then make their move.



I had a decision to make.  
I could double back and  
take them down when  
they went for Hyland.



But that would put  
Karen at unnecessary  
risk.

So it's  
Plan B.





Let them take Hyland.  
They'd bring him to  
Karen to get his  
cooperation.



And the bug I planted on  
Hyland's shoulder would lead  
me right to both of them.



Part of the reason I keep  
this journal is to do post-  
mortems on my procedures,  
so I can learn from my  
mistakes.

I didn't know it yet but  
I'd just made a big one.



When planning contingencies,  
never assume perfect  
knowledge.

What you don't know  
can hurt you...



Worse yet, it can  
get other people  
killed...

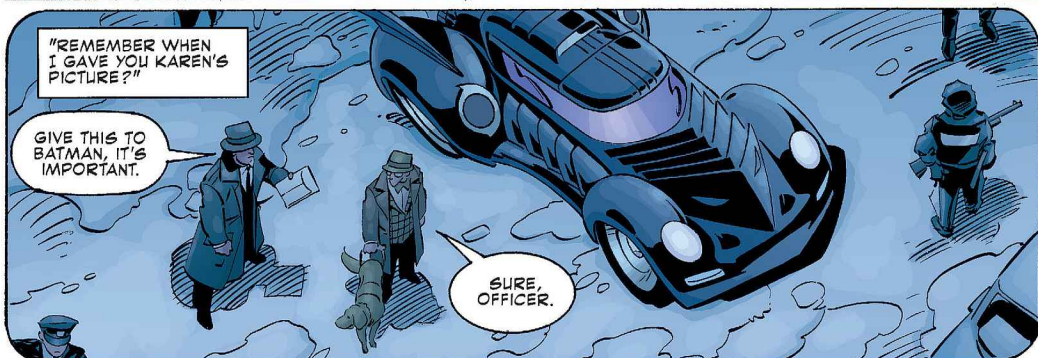
HELLO?--



--BATMAN?  
ARE YOU  
BACK?

GUESS  
AGAIN.

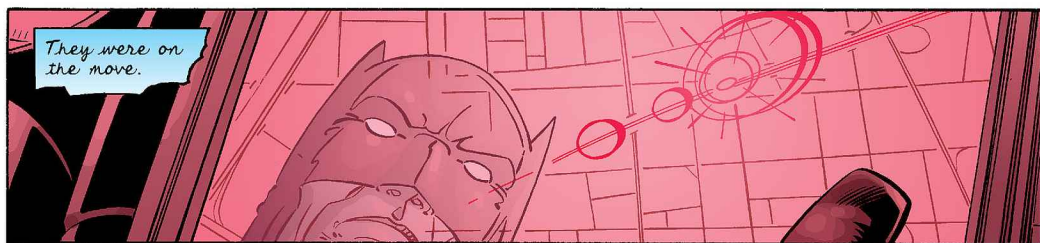












They were on the move.



And so was I.



Three hours later, I'd trailed them as far as the Batmobile could go.



They'd come this far before abandoning their own vehicle.

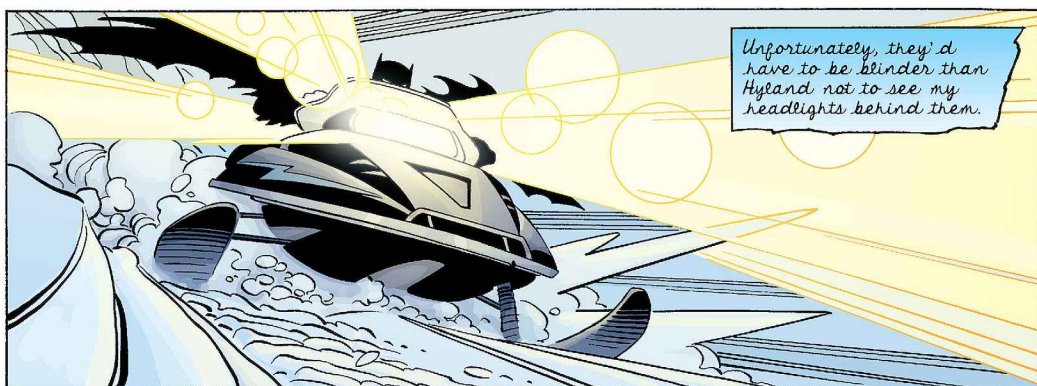


And I didn't need my tracking device to figure out which way they had gone.

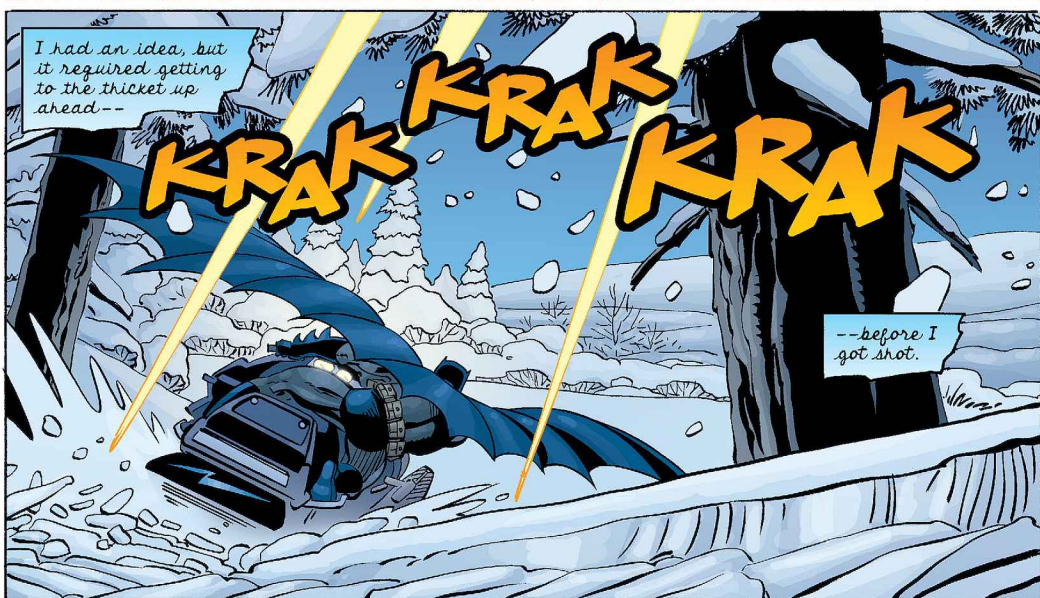
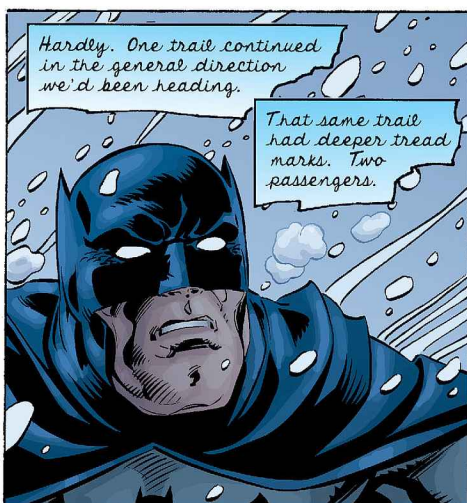


Or for that matter, how they were traveling.

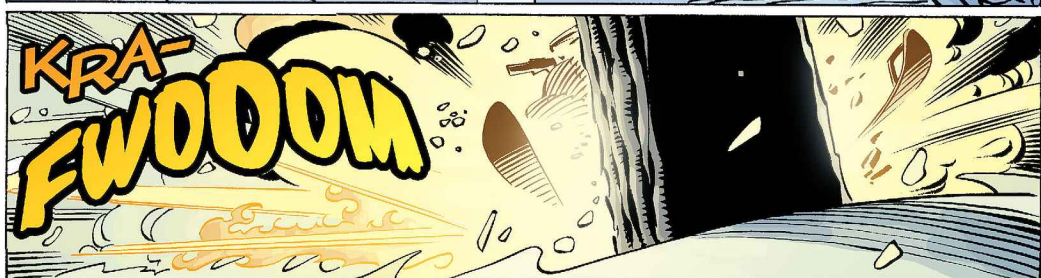
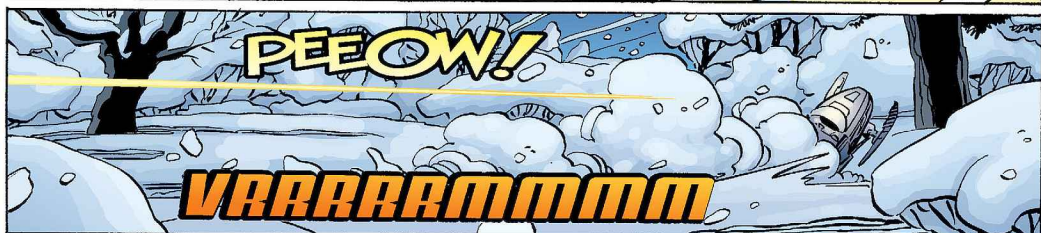
























I wanted to use the snowmobile but I was afraid he'd hear me coming.



Although if I'd known how far I still had to walk, I would have taken my chances.



It took me another hour to get there.

It had been at least thirty minutes since I could feel my feet.



Charlie's a good dog, sometimes I wish I had one of my own.



I hoped that Hyland was still using Charlie's eyes to see. If so, I could give him a heads up.



I'M OUTSIDE, I'LL GET KAREN CLEAR FIRST, THEN I'LL COME FOR YOU.





A quick reconnoiter told me what I needed to know.

One hostile in the building, downstairs with Hyland.

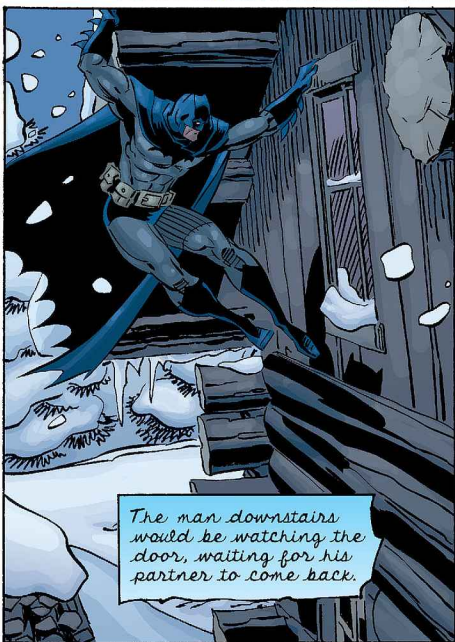


Karen was on the second floor. Looks like she put up a fight when they took her.



She'd been beaten.

I made a mental note to give her captor some of the same between now and the time I turned him in.

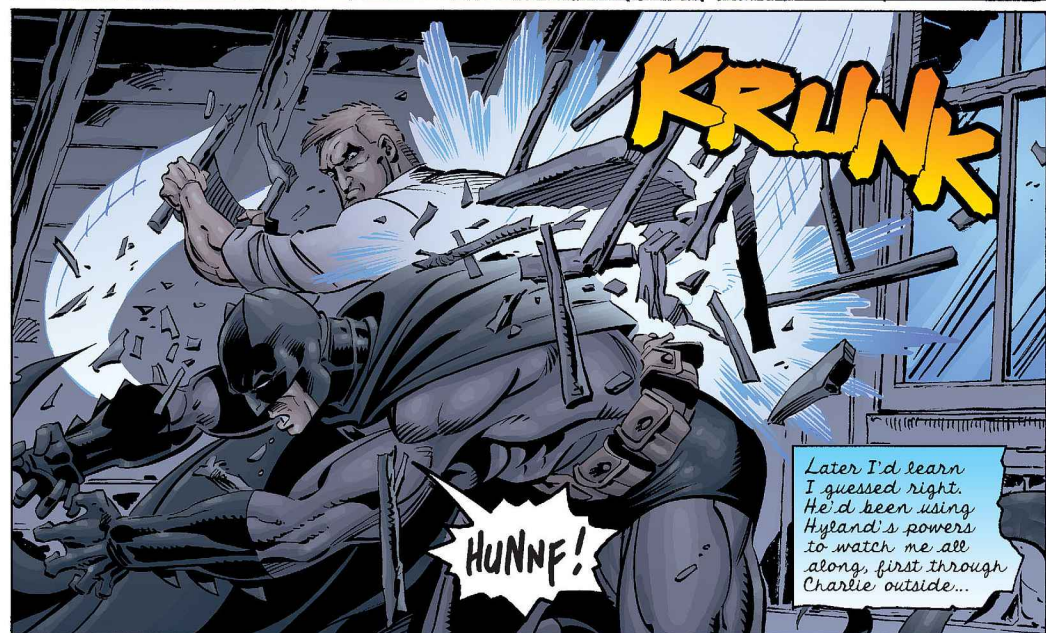


The man downstairs would be watching the door, waiting for his partner to come back.

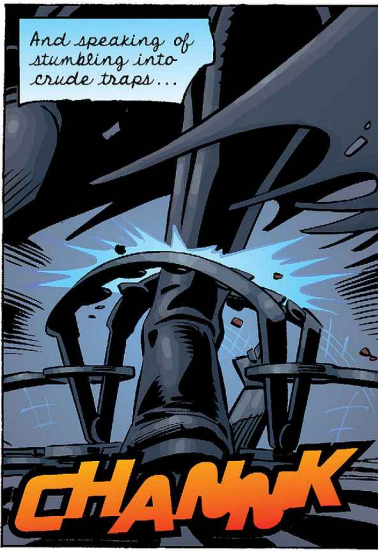


Is she trying to tell me something? What is she looking at?

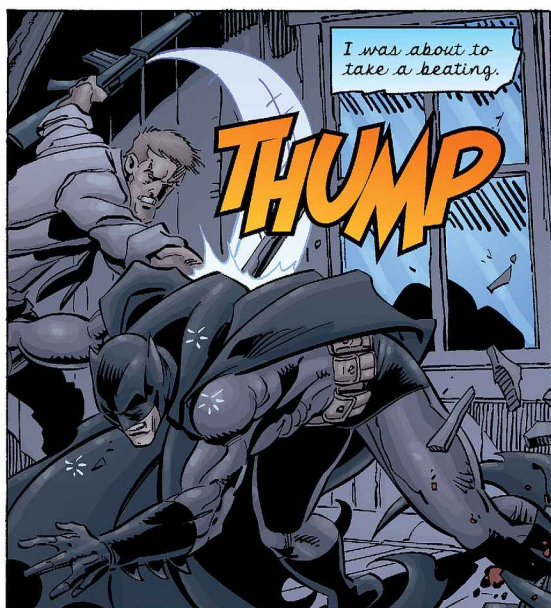




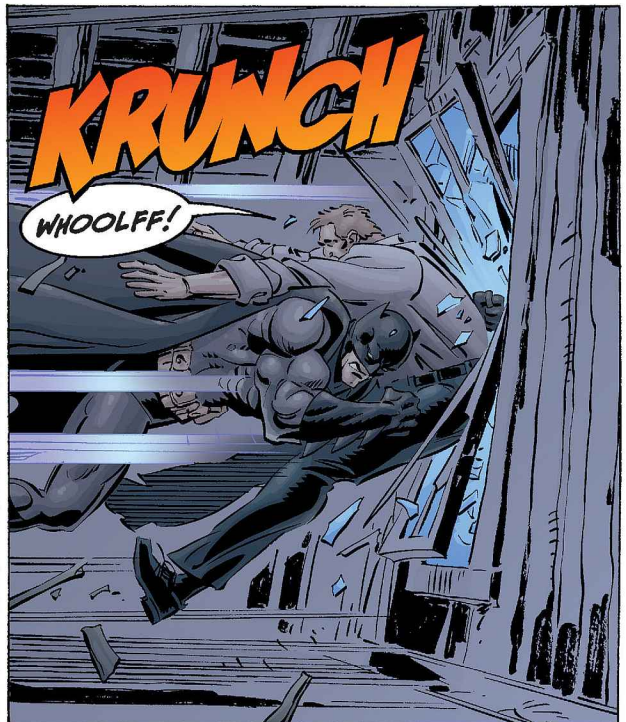








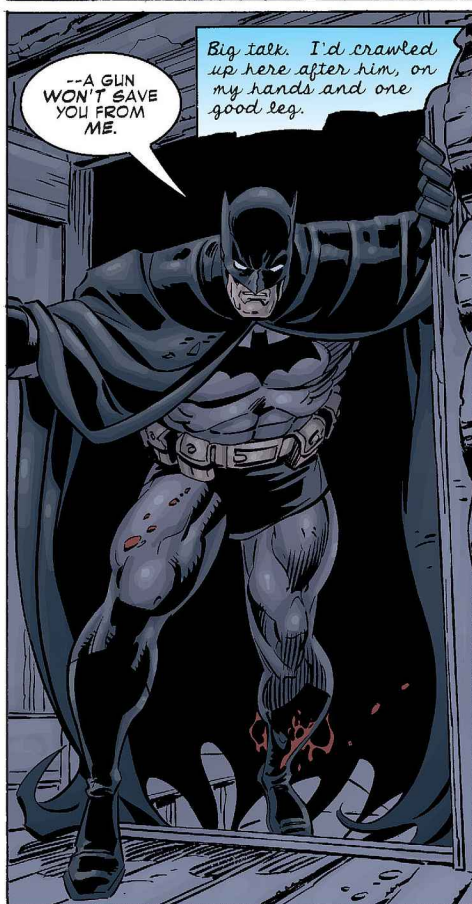
















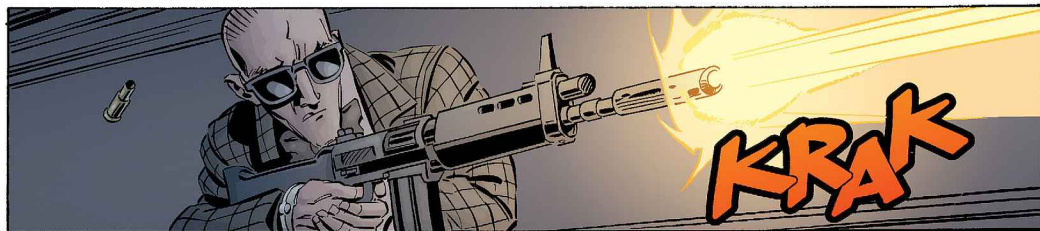
I took a fraction of a second to weigh my options.  
As it turned out, I didn't have the time.

PEEK-A-BOO--



--I SEE YOU!

So he did.



**KRAK**



Karen never took her eyes off him.



I COULDN'T LET HIM HURT YOU.

SHHH! WE'RE OKAY.

BUT NOW I'M A MURDERER.



ARE YOU? I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING.



Outside, the snow was finally beginning to let up.

By morning, the ice would start to melt.

**THE END**







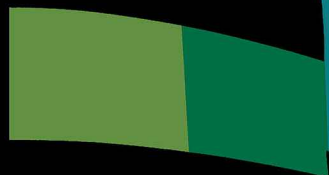


# DEAD EYES

A serial killer is loose in Gotham. He has no pattern, and he leaves no clues for the police or Batman to follow. The only certainty is that he will strike again.

Lee Hyland, however, has seen the killer's face, and he knows where to find him. There's only one problem — Hyland is totally blind. As a con artist who calls himself Blink, he plies his trade by taking advantage of a singular gift: the ability to see through anyone's eyes just by touching them. Hyland has not only seen through the killer's eyes, he has even saved one of his victims!

When Batman figures out Blink's power, he calls on him to help take down the conspiracy that's kept the killer free — a conspiracy that reaches into the highest ranks of Gotham society. But it's Hyland who will need rescuing when he catches the attention of a shadowy government agency — and only the Dark Knight can help him!



Acclaimed writer DWAYNE McDUFFIE (*STATIC SHOCK*, TV's *Justice League Unlimited*) and artists VAL SEMEIKS (DC *ONE MILLION*, *LOBO*) and DAN GREEN (*JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA*, *Wolverine*) present a team-up like no other with **BATMAN: BLINK**, collecting **BATMAN: LEGENDS OF THE DARK KNIGHT** #156-158 and #164-167!

[dccomics.com](http://dccomics.com)